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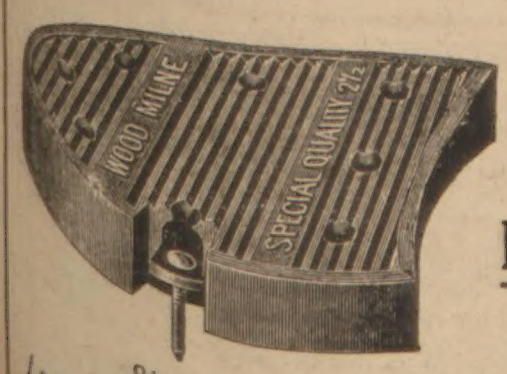
# The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 41. [PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.] WEEK ENDING AUGUST 14, 1909. ONE PENNY.

Special Quality.
Ladies', 1/-, Gents', 1/3 per pair.
THE BEST HEEL MADE.

No. 3 Quality.
Ladies', 6½d., Gents', 9d. per pair.

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Ladies', 1/-, Gents', 1/6 per pair.

# Wood-Milne Rubber Heels.

## WHERE THEY TOUCH YOU.

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An eminent doctor has recently stated that worn-down heels are excessively injurious to the spine; that persons who tread their heels down, slowly but surely ruin their health. He deduced from statistics and from personal observations that certain ailments are most prevalent among the persons who pay the least attention to the level tread. Every woman should wear rubber heels, so also should everyone suffering from nerves. The feeling of magnificent vigorous health they impart is wonderful. When you consider that in an hour's walk your boot heel strikes the ground 10,000 to 15,000 times, and that when walking on hard, stone-paved streets, each step means a shock to the nervous system, the importance of a rubber cushion for the heel is apparent.

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Nature intended man to walk on springy turf—civilisation compels him to tread stone-paved streets. With the aid of a **WOOD-MILNE** heel, every street is made as easy to walk on as springy turf, or a turkey carpet. As the "Westminster Gazette" said: "The feeling they impart reminds one of holidays and walking on the downs. With their aid, exercise without headache and fatigue becomes possible for all."

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### But, and a Big But.

They must be **WOOD-MILNES**—not the shoddy imitations which abound. Every genuine **WOOD-MILNE** heel has the name **WOOD-MILNE** moulded in plain letters on the face of the rubber. By this you can tell them.

**Get a pair to-day. From all bootmen.**

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FOR EVERY READER OF "MODERN MAN."

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This done, return to us, and we will dispatch, post paid to your door, the Dumb-Bells you have selected. Use them *free of charge* for seven days, and at the end of this time, should you decide upon keeping same, forward a Postal Order for **2/6** as your first payment, and the Balance we shall be pleased to accept in monthly payments of **2/6** each.

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This order is given on condition that after seven days' *Free Trial*, should I decide not to keep the Dumb-Bells, I MAY RETURN THEM DIRECT TO THE ABOVE ADDRESS and NO CHARGE WHATSOEVER WILL BE MADE.

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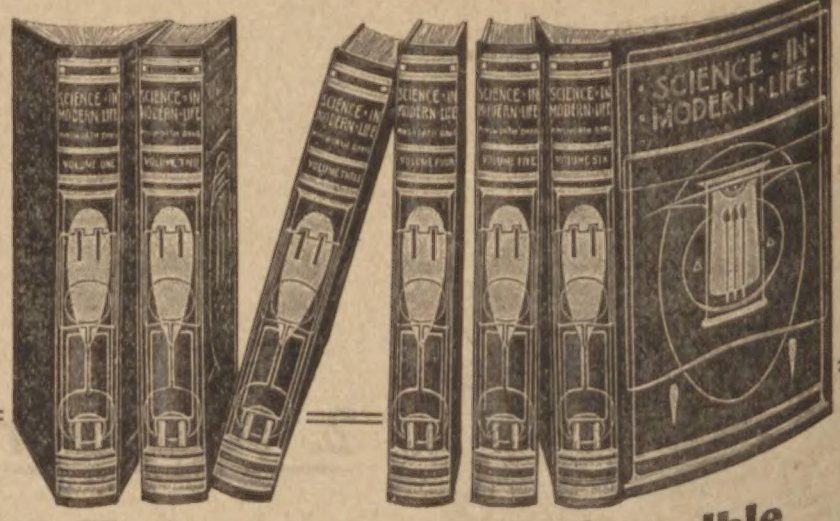

## Modern Life is Impossible

without the aid of science. But for science there would be no electric trams or trains, no telegraph or telephone. Manufactures would cease their activities, and even the oldest of industries—Agriculture—would be sadly crippled. In introducing a new work on science entitled

## SCIENCE IN MODERN LIFE

to "The Modern Man" therefore, we shall not need to emphasise its unique importance. It describes in a non-technical way the progress of science and its influence on modern life, providing reading that is at once interesting and instructive, fascinating and informative. It is a book which should be read by father and son too; indeed it carries a message for all.

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**THE GRESHAM PUBLISHING COMPANY,**
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# The Modern Man

*I dare do all that may become a man. Who dares do more is none.*—MACBETH.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 41. WEEK ENDING AUGUST 14TH, 1909. ONE PENNY.

## AFTER THE HOLIDAY.

### HOW TO MAINTAIN ITS EFFECTS.

At this moment there are many who have just returned from their annual summer holiday; and many others who still have all its pleasures in front of them. These latter, alas, will soon be enjoying their holiday only in retrospect, for the weeks fly onward and all good things come to an end.

To all, therefore, I commend the following hints, which experience has shown me to be useful in maintaining the beneficial effects that have been derived from the holiday.

In the first place, you return to work with an intense and excusable disliking for it. Your energy is at as high a point as it is capable of reaching, and you feel that you cannot compose your thoughts, while the very restraint of having to sit still is irksome.

Instead of allowing this unaccustomed energy to be a discomfort to you, turn it to advantage in the matter of improving your general health. Remember that this excess of vitality will not last, and that your energy will presently come down to a normal and steady level; it behoves you, therefore, to make this permanent level as high a one as possible, and it is by using your holiday energy while you still have it that you will accomplish this desirable object.

After the holiday you are fit and you do not feel the same need for the solace of tobacco or liquor. Take the opportunity, therefore, of cutting down your allowance of each—that is, of course, if you are in the habit of over-indulging in either.

Use your temporary accession of energy also for the commencement of a definite system of exercise and general physical culture. That sort of thing is very easily kept up, once you have started upon it, but it needs just this energy at the outset, for the beginning is the hardest part of any routine.

No matter how fine your present muscular development may be, it is yet capable of improvement, and while you are experiencing the pleasant spur of enthusiasm you should set your mind to ten minutes' scientific physical exercises morning and night.

During your holiday you have acquired certain likings in the matter of sport. Keep on indulging them. There is always time for a long walk, even if you have no opportunity or funds to indulge in any recreation of a more expensive kind.

It is an interest in sport that keeps a man's mind young and fresh, and the freshness of the mind has a more powerful influence on the well-being of the body than most laymen allow for. It gives a man an interest in life quite outside his business, and it refreshes his mind as well as keeping him fit physically.

Sport is better than medicine.

You have had your holiday. Do not let it be a memory only, but let it influence your outlook and brighten life for you for all the rest of the year.

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E. L. ROBERTSON, M.B., CH.M.

## CHEEK.

Although the uniform of the Highgate Girl Scouts Corps is certainly picturesque, the fair scouts are not corps—us girls.

* * * * * * *

Yeomen are looking forward to the time when Ladies' Nursing Corps will be "attached" to all the Yeomanry Regiments. It is believed that the feeling will be mutual.

* * * * * * *

Attention has been called to the sad case of the Suffragettes who have waited in vain for a personal audience with the Premier. Mr. Asquith evidently is too busy to be scratched to death.

* * * * * * *

Having discovered that his depredations on the moneyed classes tend towards a more equal distribution of wealth, Mr. William Sikes has become a Socialist and will in future plead that burglary is merely a "political offence."

* * * * * * *

A magistrate "was unable to sit on the bench yesterday," says a daily paper, "owing to a severe cold." Evidently *not* in the head.

* * * * * * *

While the ratepayers have been wishing the L.C.C. steamboats would go to blazes, two of them have got as far as the Mediterranean.

* * * * * * *

"Grand Display of Shooting Stars," says a newspaper headline. Really the music-hall audience's taste is becoming more bloodthirsty than ever.

* * * * * * *

As Mr. Latham is perpetually represented as "smoking a cigarette," he might be asked to try a flight to Australia—and bring back the Ashes.

* * * * * * *

A Member of Parliament has plaintively asked whether the Opposition takes the Government for schoolboys. Schoolboys throughout the country are most indignant about it.

* * * * * * *

The International Congress on Alcoholism dealt with drink statistics, and several of the foreign delegates spoke in English. We should enjoy hearing a Hungarian attempting that ancient inebriate's pitfall: "Constitutional statistics might gain a reputation for insincerity."

* * * * * * *

Things are slack all over the country. Barring an occasional opportune divorce case, there is hardly anything for the ladies to talk about.

* * * * * * *

It is a conglomeration of churchwardens and missionary teas that makes Clapham Common.

* * * * * * *

When a cricketer who has been bowled for a duck feels like drowning his mortification and his week's wages in drink, he should remember that it is better to be bowled for nothing than stumped for cash.

* * * * * * *

"After you," as Ananias said when the co-respondent stepped into the witness-box.

J. B. PONDERS.

## THE ROADSTER-RACER.

### A USEFUL AND SPORTING MACHINE.

The roadster-racer, or semi-racer, is a type of bicycle which has gained great popularity during the last few seasons.

It is almost an ideal mount for a certain class of rider, for it excellently meets the requirements of those desiring a fully equipped road machine but at the same time one with a good margin for speed work.

There are undoubtedly very many cyclists who find their machines invaluable for every day jaunts, in connection, perhaps, with their business, but who also require a cycle on which they can enjoy a club run, or even participate in a road race.

The roadster-racer is their best machine.

One of the first essentials of the speed machine is lightness, and the semi-racer, stripped of its roadster equipment, should not be greatly heavier than the ultra-speed cycle.

Fitted for ordinary riding, it will probably have 26 by 1¼ in. wheels with metal rims.

Weight can be economised here by specifying aluminium instead of steel; and there are many firms who make a speciality of this for speed machines.

Tyres will probably be of the light or feather-weight roadster type, and will very likely have open sides, that is, non-rubbered. These latter are scarcely suitable for ordinary riding, as wet very soon rots the exposed canvas fabric.

Light mudguards will be supplied, and will probably be affixed by means of straps or clips so as to be readily detachable.

The machine will have a light road-racing saddle, narrow racing chain, and a free-wheel, with two brakes. One of the latter will probably be of the coaster-hub variety, in which case it will be dispensed with when one changes the rear wheel. The hub of the special racing wheel should have a fixed wheel cog.

Regarding the other fitments, the handle-bars will probably be of the North Road, dropped, or reversible pattern. I recommend the latter, as they provide one with a comfortable position for ordinary riding as well as with a suitable one for racing.

A lamp bracket will be fitted on the head or fork.

The question of a suitable gear is an important one, and, short of using a variable gear proper, the best alternative is to have several cog wheels giving a varying range of gears, which can then be adapted to meet the uses to which the machine is put. These, obviously, being so diverse, cannot be suited by any one gear ratio.

The weight of the machine, fully equipped for ordinary riding, should not be more than about 25 lbs. Stripped for racing, of course, it would be considerably less.

Such a mount is listed generally from £6 to £8 10s., but in a few instances one can get a similar model for considerably less than even the former sum.

REX FLEMING.

# Tips on Sea Bathing

HOW TO GET THE MOST OUT OF YOUR DAILY DIP.

Given a fair physique, a reasonable amount of self-confidence, and, above all, a warm day, it is difficult for a man not to enjoy himself in the sea, whether he takes the long swim of the athlete, or contents himself with bobbing up and down in three feet of water and being splashed by his friends.

As the advertisement says, it's cooling. Sometimes it is too much so, and the bather gets a chill.

Thoroughly to appreciate the delights of a dip in the sea, you must have your body reasonably warmed up. You should not, however, go into the water while you are sweating, as that is likely to produce one of those summer colds that will stop with you throughout the autumn and winter.

**GETTING READY FOR A DIP.**

After you have stripped and put on your bathing costume, take a gentle jog-trot for a hundred yards up the beach and back again. If you don't run you won't be sweating when you get back, but just warm enough to make the touch of the water welcome to your skin.

If the day is really hot, you can safely do as you like, but if there is the slightest nip in the air, you should keep active all the time you are in the water, whether you are a swimmer or not.

If you can swim, the exercise will keep up your circulation; if you can't swim, you may easily maintain your temperature by rushing to meet the waves and by splashing about.

It is generally unwise for the swimmer to fix as his goal a floating buoy or some other point which he has to round before he permits himself to return; for it must be borne in mind that the journey back always appears twice as long and tedious as the journey there.

**THE FOLLY OF OVERDOING IT.**

A much better plan is to make your start from the pier-head and settle upon some point on the beach as your landing place. If you want a long swim you can select as your goal a spot far off, but in your journey to it you are never far from shore, and you can strike for home and beauty if you have bitten off more than you can chew and feel your powers beginning to give out.

To swim farther than you *feel* fit for is to abuse the finest exercise in the whole world of athletics and to make it sap your strength instead of building it up.

If the day is a scorcher, you can loaf as long as you like, either in the sea or on the steps of your bathing-machine, but under the usual conditions of our undelightful climate, twenty minutes in the water at a stretch is all that does you good.

When you get out, you should have a brisk run along the beach if you feel the least bit chilly. I know some men who always finish up with a run long enough to dry their bathing costumes, and the plan is not a bad one, for it warms you up and saves you the discomfort of carrying back a wet and sloppy costume.

I am supposing that you do use a costume of your own, for the hiring of costumes is a filthy practice.

The bathing-machine people may be conscientious and do their work properly in the matter of washing the costume after it has been used, but a close acquaintance with water in bulk does not seem conducive to an appreciation of its utility as a means of cleansing, and all too often the costumes are merely hung up to dry as soon as they have been taken off.

**THE QUESTION OF COSTUME.**

As for the costume itself, the University style, which covers the greater part of your anatomy, certainly looks the more modest, especially if the bathing is mixed, and in many places such a costume is compulsory; but for real comfort and freedom, there is nothing to beat the scanty but sufficient bathing slip. It is, besides, very convenient when you have to carry it about, for you can get it into your pocket easily.

The colour of the costume is largely a matter of fancy; if you belong to a swimming club you will want to wear your club colours, but, failing that, you are always safe in choosing a costume of navy blue. G. NEWTON.

## EARLY GROUSE.

There is always a rush amongst the dealers at Leadenhall Market for the first grouse, for they realise an astonishingly good price, fetching as much as 20s. a brace.

It is actually possible to buy grouse in London at noon on the 12th of August, and, moreover, they are grouse that have been shot on that day. They have not come from any Highland moor, but from an English one, but nevertheless their flavour is excellent and they satisfy the needs of the gourmet.

The majority of the birds sold, however, have not been shot this year at all, but late last autumn, and they have been kept in cold storage since.

There is no difference in appearance between the birds that have been frozen and the birds that have been newly shot, but you know the difference when they are cooked, for the frozen birds have already been hung and are in fit condition to be eaten, while the birds that have been newly shot are not quite gamey enough.

## GETTING RID OF A MAN.

In the course of your daily life you are often faced with the difficulty of getting rid of a man.

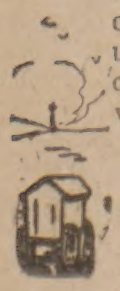
Smith buttonholes you in the street and talks. You enjoy his conversation for the first five minutes, but after that you know that the pleasure you are deriving from it is in no way equal to the annoyance that you will feel subsequently at the time you are wasting, for Smith is not a useful business acquaintance.

How are you to get rid of him when you know that you ought to do so?

The right way is the strong way. Don't interrupt in the middle of a funny story, but wait till he comes to a stop, when it is, so to speak, your turn to talk. Then, instead of continuing the conversation, hold out your hand and say good-bye, explaining that you are wickedly busy.

It is a common idea, but it is an erroneous one, that to cut a conversation short like this leaves a bad impression with the man concerned. It is supposed, in fact, that he might take offence.

This never happens, for the man who leaves you under such circumstances harbours only greater respect for you. It is just possible that he also may have an appointment or may have work to do, and he will look upon you as a stronger man for having cut short a conversation which was, after all, only a means of passing an idle moment.



## MALE EMOTIONS.

### III. JEALOUSY.

There are one or two things in a man's to which he will never by any chance verbal confession. One of them is jealous

There are a few feelings that a man almost impossible to conceal. He may hi love, he may curb his hate, but he will deny being animated by jealousy, and the emphatic his denial, the surer you can be he is possessed by the green-eyed monster

Now, many of the elements which co that most marvellous organisation in the the human temperament, are misunderstoo their meaning and misapplied in their eff

A man is swift to deny that he is jealou cause he looks upon jealousy as a contem emotion. He is unwilling to own that capable of meanness. He is by no offended if you discover by accident that h perpetrated some noble and unselfish deed will, in fact, now and then see that the ac takes place.

Let us look the facts of our nature in the I have not undertaken the analysis of male tions in order to deride some of them eulogise others. We are a motley combin of good and bad, and it may be that a c sight of our various potentialities of char may enable us to choose which of them is cultivation, and which needs restraint.

I am tempted to quote here a few lines Kipling, that man who sets forth the stan of a man's conduct with such marv fidelity. (Thank heaven, women don't stand him! At least he is one of the that belong absolutely to ourselves.)

The lines are:

*Ride with an idle whip; ride with an unsuspi*
*But once in a way there must come a day*
*When the colt must be taught to feel*
*The lash that falls, the curb that galls,*
*And the sting of the rowelled steel.*

There you have it! Some of our emo have got to feel the curb that galls, and of is jealousy.

The bed-rock of jealousy is conceit. is jealous because a blow has been dealt self-pride. Each of our emotions is inseparable from the body, and from jealousy can one from the other, just as the hand is ceed envy, hatred, and, incongruous though sounds, even love.

Just as the hand can equally be used to an injured comrade and to pinch silver from till, so can jealousy be used for generous despicable ends.

At some time or other you will as inevitably feel jealousy as you will feel hunger. Do despise yourself because of an *inclination* to mean. Reserve your self-condemnation for *action* that is mean. It is when you use curb that galls upon such an inclination that you train yourself to be worthy the name Man.

I am almost a fanatic in my belief that man has powers within him to make him greater than the angels. And, as extremities work up and down, similarly he can degrade himself lower than the beasts.

When another fellow has done better than yourself in a line in which you wished to excel, let your natural jealousy be a spur to greater endeavour. When he looks like jumping the claims to the girl who represents the best womanhood to you, eat the wholesome but humble pie, and determine that, win or lose, the girl shall bring out the best in you. Don't attempt to ingratiate yourself by revealing the jealousy that you think yourself summits in your rival.

And yet, humorous fact though it be, needn't allow bitterness to chill your heart by chance in such circumstances your jealousy should peep out. Women are not altogether averse from flattery, and though your fair one owns much self-pride, it is also some compliment to their charms.

C. Wood

# HE MAN WHO AW IT THROUGH

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By R. D. CROMBIE.

Each of us runs across range men sometimes hose lives and characters e a mystery. I never met e stranger than the man of y story. I will call him nith because that wasn't s name.

Smith was thin and lourless, with a counten- ce of extraordinary mobility. It was mask- e. He had some of the understood qualifica- ns of a genius, for he lived in a garret and smoked more than he ate. But, whether he was actually a genius I am able to say. He was absolutely reticent about nself. I have a suspicion that he scribbled hen he was hard up, but if so it must have been der a *nom-de-plume*, for his real name I never w in print. He had no friends that I knew save myself, his habits were those of an cetic, and, so far as I could judge, his interests life were nil.

He seldom went out—just sprawled in a eaky basket-chair and smoked cigarettes, look- g out with inscrutable eyes on bricks and imneys.

So I found him one day. He sent me a wire ading "I want to see you immediately," and went.

"That you, Bob?" he said, without looking und.

"Yes," I answered. "Anything up?"

Before replying he moved his chair half und, making room for me to draw up another, that I was facing him and he was looking rough the window at an angle.

I remember acutely the stale smell of the om, the depressed light of the afternoon, and nith's immobile face and tobacco-stained ngers.

"Yes, there is," he said after a long time. The sket-chair creaked as he crossed his legs and ttled himself more comfortably.

"I want you to sit tight, and ask no ques- ns. You'll do that?"

"Yes," I said.

"You mustn't have any regrets; you mustn't ef it, you understand. After all, it's nothing great moment."

His last words gave me relief. The complete oolness of his voice annihilated apprehension.

"I've got cancer on the brain," he added.

I gripped the arms of my chair and stared.

"Not—seriously?" I managed to utter.

"Yes, it's fact," he said, still gazing through e window. "I might go at any moment. here's an unpleasant contingency, however. he doctor pooh-poohed it, but I happen to know tter. I might go mad first."

I got slowly to my feet. Smith with an in- rable disease! Smith at the brink of death! nith telling me so with most unnatural calm!

"Oh, it's horrible!" I said.

Smith did not turn his head.

"Sit down, there's a good chap," he said tiently. "It can't be helped. It's got to be ed. Fortunately, there isn't anyone whom will concern—only you, of course. It's worse r you than me. It's always worse for the liv- g than the dead. I'm dead already, you know. s a matter of fact I've been dead for weeks.

"That's what I wanted to see you about be- re it was too late. Don't misunderstand me hen I say I'm dead. I'm not mad—yet. I'm ad, because feeling has died in me. Feeling life. I'm a husk, that all. . . .

"That can pass. I didn't get you here to tell ou that. I've got a message to deliver. You ust see to it—when I'm gone. It's a message men. There's nothing new in it. Only, com- g from the lips of a man who is dead, they'll probably believe it's true.

"Tell 'em that there are only two things in this world—this world that so many clever people imagine to be a complicated place—only two things. Courage and cowardice.

"They won't see it at first. But, if they'll let it, its truth will carve through to the bone.

"I'm not a religious man in the sense of belonging to a sect. I have no fear of death or hell or heaven. But I do know that what the religious people call sin is nothing but cowardice, and what they call righteousness is the other thing.

"That sounds obvious, I know. But it's the obvious we press our nose against like a kid looking through a window; and we're looking. . . . You've got to drive your fist through the obvious to get freedom, and the fresh air of truth.

"Men — young men at least — object to righteousness. They prefer sin, because they think it's manlier.

"But no man prefers cowardice to courage—not in his heart of hearts.

"If you've got a youngster and tell him that lies are wicked and that some relentless God will punish him for them, that is a challenge to his courage. He will lie in defiance. But tell him that the liar is a coward. . . .

"You see, the simplicity of it is this way," he went on; "we discard the antiquated notion of punishment and reward; we ignore the cackle about knowing right from wrong, which statement is its own refutation when you think of the climatic diversities of morals, and we say to men—you can be cowardly or courageous, which you like.

"There is always the alternative—always. There is nothing of which a man is more strongly conscious than when he is a coward; and nothing is so hellishly torturing. That *is* hell.

"All base actions are cowardice. The correct name for the devil is Coward. Tell 'em that! They'll see I'm right, after a bit of a think. They'll see glory in life then. So long as there's something to fight against a man can go on.

"Man's a funny sort of a brute. He's only happy when he's fighting. Give him something to struggle with, and he's like a dog with a bone—he'll peg on till there's nothing left to worry at.

"Life's worth living when you can't have everything your own way. Half the joy in trying to run straight comes from the coward who is sneaking about trying to shove you off the lines.

"That's how it is with all men, and the virtuous are those who have the courage to keep up the fight."

His voice subdued to a murmur.

"It's when they're dead—strangled by the great and pitiless coward. . . .

"Ah, never mind that! You see, if they took notice of what I say there'd be no dullness, bitterness, no complaining, no theft, slander, seduction . . . . no white-hot searing irons of remorse. All that's cowardice, remorse worst of all. If they're always brave, they can face all that comes, and exult in it.

"Tell 'em to put their shields before their hearts, and fight."

He was silent. I was beginning to understand now why he lived in a garret, and was alone, uncared-for, indeed dead.

He had not fought cowardice.

"That's all," he said at last. "Tell 'em to think it out. I mean it for the youngsters especially. When we're young we're splendid—or hideous. Later on, we're neither one thing nor the other—just pruned—and trusting for fulness to some future summer.

"You'll see to it?" he asked.

"Yes," I said. "I'll see to it. They won't listen, but that can't be helped. I think we only realise by being our own teachers. The road of life must be trodden alone."

"Trodden alone," said Smith. "Yes, that's true enough. But there are sign-posts. I want to stick one up at the first cross-roads. They'll probably stand and have a look at it—and perhaps think."

* * * * * * *

Something told me that he wanted me to go now, but I lingered. It might be the last time I should see him.

I wanted to say I was sorry for him. I wanted to grip his hand. But one cannot sympathise nor shake hands with a thing in whom feeling is dead.

Smith sat there, a cigarette between his fingers, his eyes gazing out with a strange steadfastness from an immobile face over the ugly bricks and chimneys of London—a man sentenced to death.

"Smith," I said suddenly, "can't you talk about yourself? I don't want to pry, God knows. But what's brought you to this—this emptiness? What about home, friendship, love? What have you done with them in your life?"

My outburst left him unmoved.

"Those things," he said, and still he gazed away from me, "are only bought by courage. They are its reward. They are on the mountains and have to be climbed for. The rewards of cowardice are among the slimy, crawling things. There is rot when the animate is inert.

"As for love, it is the grandest test of courage on earth. For it, one has to battle day and night, not with the world, but with oneself. It is the purifying fire. The coward writhes back from its flame."

There was life creeping into his tone now.

"No man can capture and hold," he went on, "without individual strength. The coward who loves loses it because he has no power to keep it captive. I talk to men. Women are different. The God that made them knows them best. They surpass understanding. . . ."

Again he faltered.

"Their love surpasseth understanding," he said vaguely. "What am I talking about? You're there, Bob, aren't you? You won't go away and leave me to this unutterable darkness, this desolation of the everlasting pit?"

His hands were thrust my way and groping. I took them.

"Whatever's the matter, old chap?" I said. His face was quivering in every nerve.

"I'm blind," he wailed. "I've been going blind for weeks, and weeks, and *weeks*. Yesterday the light went out altogether. I'm dead. I'm blind. There's nothing—nothing in life or death—but the dark. Oh, God!"

He shuddered.

I could only hold his hands. What was there one could say?

His head drooped on to his chest and he shook.

"Tell 'em to listen," he said in a muffled voice. "They'll think about it more when they know it came from a chap who was blind, who was dead while yet he lived.

"Tell 'em," he said in a stronger voice, lifting his head, "that I died game, that I saw it through; that I didn't choose the quick way out—the lead in the brain—because it was the way of a coward; that all life contained was taken from me; that I sat in a garret waiting for death because I was going blind and death was long in coming; that the doctor denied that I should go mad before I died, because the truth was too horrible for a man to bear; tell 'em that a man like that sent a message, a man who but for a . . . ."

He was on his feet, staring upwards with blind eyes. His relief had come.

* * * * * * *

And I wonder what The Woman would have thought if she had seen him. For, you see, he loved her to the end.

# ·INSPECTION·HUMOURS·

SOME ANECDOTES OF INTEREST TO REGULARS AND TERRITORIALS.

Once a year the General Officer Commanding a district or station inspects the troops in his command, taking one regiment at a time.

The length of the inspection naturally depends on the General, and I think I have told you of one G.O.C., whose annual inspection lasted according to his garrison orders from Jan. 1st to Dec. 31st *inclusive*; and did!

Ordinarily, however, an inspection lasts three days, or at the outside a week, and generally a vast amount of tribulation for the regiment is crammed into that brief period, especially if the colonel of the regiment is a weak man, and catches a bad dose of "inspection fever."

The chief symptoms of "inspection fever" are intense irritability, complete loss of self-possession and self-respect, and flagrantly unjust treatment of subordinates.

**FUSS AND FUNK.**

It is not a pretty disease, for the spectacle of a grown man in a blue funk of another man, even if he be a general officer, is unpleasing, and that is often the form it takes.

However, although I have seen some pitiable exhibitions of funk and boot-licking combined with "nagging" of subordinates at inspection time, I am here only concerned with the lighter side of the annual ordeal, and I never think of G.O.C.'s inspection without recalling my erstwhile brother subaltern Tom "Brown."

Tom was one of the best, but unlucky. At the time I am speaking of we were quartered at Pietermaritzburg, and Tom was temporarily in command of our Mounted Infantry company. We had our own general in Natal, but the G.O.C. all the troops in South Africa came all the way from Cape Town to inspect us, so that the inspection was rather worse than usual, as we had to satisfy not one, but two generals, and as these bigwigs held diametrically opposite views on every subject under the sun, the task was not easy.

**FOUND WANTING.**

The general took us company by company, and in due course the M.I. were weighed in the balance and found wanting. Emphatically it was not Tom's day out.

To begin with, on parade one of Tom's troopers was run away with, charged madly into the inspecting party, and sent our own local general flying.

That might have been forgiven, for accidents will happen, but our general was a man of notoriously profane tongue, the other general was just as notoriously the reverse, and so the former had to restrain his feelings, and strained himself internally in doing so

Then the inspecting general's great fad was that officers should be able to lecture to their men, and, manœuvres somewhat prematurely over, he called out Tom, and told him to give the men a short lecture on the history and uses of Mounted Infantry.

Tom was at no time a fluent speaker; indeed, though a real good chap, he was the most taciturn man I ever met in my life, and we anticipated some fun when he came out to play schoolmaster.

Nor were we disappointed. Tom took up his position, and then there was a painful pause. We could distinctly see Tom sweating and his lips moving, but no sound broke the hushed stillness.

"Go on, Mr. Brown," said the General encouragingly.

"Well, men," said Tom, at last finding bits of his voice, "Mounted Infantry—er—are—er—infantry mounted on — er — horses," and then came another fearful pause, while Tom sought inspiration in his boots.

"Yes, yes, Mr. Brown," said the General, "so far so good, but go on, please."

**TOM'S LECTURE.**

Tom licked his dry lips, and started afresh.

"Well, men," he said, "Mounted Infantry—er—are—er—infantry mounted on—er—horses," and then once more his tongue clave to his mouth, and refused to perform its office.

"Yes, yes, but we seem to have heard that before, Mr. Brown," said the General; "pray proceed."

Tom glanced up at the brazen heavens and down at his shiny boots; he looked this way and that, and strange, inarticulate noises came from his throat. Then, after a seemingly interminable silence, we heard him chanting in guttural tones this sad refrain: "Well, men, Mounted Infantry—er—are—er—infantry mounted on—er—horses."

And then we heard the General's quiet voice saying: "Thank you, Mr. Brown, for a very interesting and comprehensive lecture—you may dismiss your men."

Tom's troubles, however, were not over. It was his duty to attend afternoon stables, and he had got into the way of doing so in mufti—nobody was likely to come near him, and it was a nuisance to stick in uniform after lunch.

**THE CROWNING OFFENCE.**

The next afternoon he was at stables (as a matter of fact, there were no actual stables, the M.I. ponies being kept in the open) brooding over his début as a lecturer, when he heard a noise behind him, and, turning round, his horrified gaze fell upon both Generals, accompanied by their respective staffs and his own Colonel—the G.O.C. having suddenly decided on a surprise visit to the M.I. quarters.

The inspecting party were in full uniform, and with their gold and steel, and sashes and ribbons, swords and sabre tassels, made quite a pretty picture.

Tom was not so elaborately attired. He had on a battered straw hat, a flannel shirt open at the neck and displaying several inches of hairy chest, a pair of not over clean flannel trousers, carpet slippers, and he was smoking a short clay pipe. Poor Tom, his connection with the Mounted Infantry ceased the following morning.

**A STORY OF SIR EVELYN WOOD.**

These little stories are true, but there are many others told of various famous officers.

The historic inspection story, of course, is the one told of Sir Evelyn Wood—to this effect. Sir Evelyn, like a good commander, always took a great interest in the men's feeding, and at one inspection he was making he stole off, so the story goes, on a surprise visit to the cookhouses. Near one of them he saw a man with a soup-can, ordered him to put it down, and forthwith sampled the contents. Then, spluttering and very angry, he ordered the astonished man to fetch the sergeant-cook, to whom he thus sternly addressed himself: "Is this what you call soup, sergeant? Why, it tastes just like dirty water."

"Beg pardon, sir," replied the sergeant-cook, "but that's just what it is." "CHINSTRAP."

G.O.C

# THE NYMPH AND THE SATYR.

A SKETCH.

The Nymph had grey eyes and gold curls—not the gold that comes out of a bottle, nor the curls that are pinned on before the mirror—and a man could kiss her without removing the tints.

Her companion might have been a Nymph once, but now she only resembled a Harpy.

They were seated in the first-class compartment of a corridor train, and there was only one other occupant.

The Harpy leaned forward and touched the Nymph on the shoulder.

"Babs, I really must have that money to-night or to-morrow morning—or——"

There was a veiled threat in the low voice that sent a shiver through the listener.

And the Satyr noticed all this. The man in the corner seat looked on from behind his newspaper.

He was a great man financially as well as physically. At the sight of the girl's terror maybe his heart was touched. If the chance came he would help her, he told himself.

The chance always comes to the Satyr.

The Harpy got up. "Just going to put myself to rights," she said. "We shall be in directly."

The man withdrew from the shelter of his paper.

"Let me help you out of your difficulty?"

The girl started and turned frightened eyes upon him. He was well-made, besides being well-dressed; the modern Satyr does not go about with a goat's beard and hoofs.

"It will be all right, my dear," he said. "Just call at the address on this card at the time stated, and you shall have the money. Bridge debts, eh?"

The Nymph breathed her thanks. She thought he was a benefactor. And the Harpy came back.

The Satyr allowed himself the indulgence of a smile suited to his real character.

* * * * * *

The Nymph had never been in such an exquisite room in her life. The lap-lap of a fountain hidden among masses of exotic blossoms acted like a lullaby to conscience. The Nymph sank into one of the chairs, so temptingly placed, to await the philanthropist.

Through the half-open door she could see another apartment with a supper-table laid for two, and, swinging in his gilded cage, a grand macaw watched her with head on one side and malice in his wicked eye. Then he screamed "Ruined!" so realistically that it might have been uttered as a warning. He was no talker, but that word was one he heard so often. He was about to repeat it, when someone threw a cloth over the cage and silenced the prophet.

Not that the Nymph had heeded, for she was to be saved from the consequences of the sin of gambling. But she had forgotten to ask at what price. She had managed to slip away during a dance, for the hour on the card was an early one, and she hoped to get back before her absence was discovered.

Her benefactor was some little time before he came to her, but when he did come she realised that he was different from her ideas of him.

He was kind, only that is not quite the word for it. And there was a look in his eyes.

He put down a roll of notes on a table by him. The Nymph held out her hand and received.

"Stay. There is a little matter to be settled first."

But then bridge debts are debts of—honour.

Some time later the Satyr put the Nymph and the money into his electric brougham.

She had passed through the first stage of the evolution of the Harpy.

And he was the Satyr all the while.

A. M. STEWART.

# The Strength of a Man.

A STUDY OF MASCULINE CHARACTER.

When I speak of the strength of a man, I mean the force of his personality; not the bulk or the hardness of his muscles.

Muscular development is a splendid thing, and in most cases you find that it accompanies force of character, but muscular development in itself does not give a man a strong personality. The most ignorant and brutal navvy is muscularly strong, but the average clerk could put him in his corner at once in anything except physique.

The strength of a man is an abstract condition, and to discuss it in that manner would land us in mere generalities; I shall therefore endeavour to arrive at some sort of conclusion by depicting the chief characteristics of various individuals whom I have met and whom I should unquestionably describe as strong men in their several ways.

Major B—— is a retired Army officer, and he has the most charming manner of any man I have ever met.

He has a gift for avoiding distasteful subjects, and his conversation, though perhaps never brilliant, is seldom dull. Always he is the officer and the gentleman, but he is also a jolly good chap.

**THE GALLANT MAJOR.**

Everybody likes him. Men of his own class take to him, and even office boys do more than respect him. The secret of his manner is scarcely within the scope of this article, but that his manner is fascinating is a thing which you would instantly admit if you met him.

Major B—— is tall and slight and very soldierly in appearance. Let me describe, in contrast, another strong man who is very different.

Mr. M—— is a business man who occupies an important position. Just as in the case of Major B——, there is not the faintest trace of swagger about him; the casual observer might take him for an ordinary man-in-the-street; he is short and dresses very quietly. His strength lies simply in his wonderful business capacity and foresight.

Where a business deal is concerned and where the negotiations are complicated, he can see to the end of them before they are even begun. He seems to know exactly what any man will do under certain circumstances, and he has a wonderful faculty for trimming his sails to suit every commercial breeze.

It happened the other day that Major B—— mentioned a certain business matter to me; I had already entrusted this affair to Mr. M——, and I explained to Major B—— that he must see Mr. M—— if he wanted any money out of it. Major B—— duly had an interview, and, meeting him afterwards, I asked him what success he had met with. He said he had secured nothing definite.

**HOW THEY DIFFER.**

A day or two later, I met Mr. M——, and I asked him as to his interview with Major B——. "It was an easy job," he said. "As soon as he came into the room, I asked him up and I said to myself that if there was to be a clash of interests, it would not be mine that would go under. The interview ended as I meant it to do, without a refusal or anything else that was definite, for I did not want to give him cause for offence."

This case shows how a man with superlative strength in the matter of manner, or what is so often called magnetism, may be beaten hollow by a man who is strong in commercial ability but who makes no pretence to possessing a fascinating manner.

At the Scotch University which I attended, there was an institution known as the Students' Representative Council. It consisted of students, and the business was to deal with all matters where the students' interests were concerned. It was this body which sent a deputation to the Senatus when any question arose where the students might reasonably consider they had a grievance; its duties embraced even such minor points as the little stop-at-midnight Saturday dances which we sometimes got up and which we called Cinderellas.

The students of each year elected three representatives for the S.R.C., and their choice always rested upon the three most popular men amongst them.

**STRENGTH AND POPULARITY.**

There was one man who was invariably top of the poll. His name was P——; he had a very strong face and a manner which was ideal; most obviously he was a manly chap, and when he spoke to you you felt flattered.

He was not manly in the sense in which some accept the term—there was no sort of swank or rush and bustle about him, but a calm reposeful strength which showed a depth of character that was pleasant to encounter.

I have referred to your feelings when he spoke to you, but it was rather a case of your speaking to him, for he let you do all the talking, and listened to what you said as if he considered every word to be of much importance.

His manner to everybody was the subtlest flattery, but he never gave you the impression of trying to court your good feeling. He never did try to court it. The manner was the man, and, feeling well-disposed towards everyone, being a chap of sound common-sense, and strong withal, he naturally reaped that popularity which was his due.

He was President of the S.R.C. when I parted with him and it was for the sake of enjoying this honour that he had stopped on at the University for a year longer than he need have done. Possibly this was an evidence of a weakness—vanity—which we had never suspected. I have just heard of him again from an old class-mate who knew us both, and I learn that he is a clerk in a solicitor's office in Edinburgh. All the strength of his wonderful personality has failed to raise him to a position in the commercial world. Why, I do not pretend to know.

**A STRONG MAN WHO WENT WRONG.**

Some years after leaving the University, I made the acquaintance of a young man who was almost the exact replica of P—— in face and general style. He was as obviously strong, as obviously sympathetic, and he was idolised by all the other young men in the town. I saw immediately that he was, in his way, a strong man.

I have just learned to my astonishment that he was weaker than water in a moral way. He has bolted from the town where he had led the young masculine society, and has gone to one of the Colonies.

You would have supposed that he was the sort of man to whom friendship meant everything and who was the very embodiment of honour; but to myself and the majority of his friends, it has come as a rude shock to learn that he leaves behind him many debts—not debts to tradesmen, but debts of honour to his pals, and debts which there is not the faintest probability of his ever paying off.

I have in mind another man, D—— He was notorious at the University for his devotion to study in a sensible kind of way.

He did not trouble himself more than was needed concerning the assimilation of those useless facts which produce a University degree, but he was an absolute expert in dealing with examinations. The rest of us would take an evening off when the flesh willed it so, but D—— was always hard at work if there was an examination in the near future.

He went through his University career with that precision which one expects to find in a military campaign. He laid out his plans—he would pass this examination this year, and that the next—and he stuck to those plans in spite of all temptations.

**A PRIG AND A FAILURE.**

He did everything that convention demanded. He, like the other strong man I have spoken about, was a member of the S.R.C. He also went in moderately for sport, being secretary of one athletic club and vice-president of another.

We used to chaff him about being a success-monger and assure him that he was bound to win. He had a remarkable strength of self-control, and could force himself to carry out a preconceived plan in spite of all natural tendencies to slack. In this way he was strong, but if we had only known it, he was little more than a prig.

Confident as to his self-restraint, and imagining that it was the whole of strength, he came to London and plunged into the world of business, but to his surprise he found that business success is a much harder matter to secure than the trumpery triumph that may be had at an Alma Mater.

In commercial life they do not give you money for passing examinations. You have to win it by your capacity for conceiving new ideas, and of this capacity D—— had none.

**A DISAPPOINTMENT.**

I should not like to experience what he must have gone through when he discovered the damning extent of his weakness and learned that his strength was an illusion.

He is now a very accurate and reliable clerk in a shipping office, and his salary is £2 a week. He was a man whom we all thought would very shortly be making two thousand a year.

I have been dealing with instances of strength which were marked by weakness. It is pleasant to turn from these to certain other cases which I have noted of weak men whose characters are redeemed by some point of strength.

A—— is one of my dearest friends, and a terrible coward. Once he left me when I seemed likely to get into a street row. His cowardice is shown even in his manner of speech, for in the company of men he will say the cleverest things in the flattest and most insipid manner. He is afraid that he will be laughed at.

This natural timidity is his one and only fault. He is the type of man who would stick by a pal through thick and thin, provided that physical courage is not required—of moral courage he has more than a lion's share. He would stake his reputation for the sake of a friend, but he could not force himself to endanger his skin in the slightest degree.

**STRENGTH IN WEAKNESS.**

Such being the case, he is not popular, and never will be, with men, for they see only his weakness; but beneath it there is a soul of gold; he has a strength that they wot not of.

And to what have I led? I fear that, after all, I have not succeeded very far in analysing the strength of a man, but I think I have at least shown that strength and weakness go hand in hand, and to secure even this one fact is something in such a complicated study as that of the human character. Moreover a knowledge of this fact may be of use to you and may save you much pain; if you did not know it, you would be grievously disappointed at the discovery of weakness in someone whom you regarded as ideally strong in all respects; and such a discovery, alas, is too often made with the passage of the years.

DAVID COOPER.

# From our Readers

## MORE MAKESHIFTS.

A writer on the paragraph page of THE MODERN MAN some weeks ago gave a list of "Camp makeshifts," many of which my fellow-readers will no doubt have found most useful.

There are several, however, which may be added to the list which he gave and to those which have appeared on other pages recently.

If you have no lantern or candlestick, a useful substitute is a penknife with both blades open. One blade is stuck into the candle and the other into the tent-pole. For carrying purposes a cleft or forked stick will prove equally efficacious.

Even a lantern may be made from an old bottle if you have one of transparent glass handy.

The bottom must first be knocked off, and this may be neatly done by standing the bottle in a little boiling water and knocking the heated end smartly, when it will break at the highest point the water reached. Or a string may be drawn rapidly to and fro round the bottle so as to heat a line round it, and a smart blow will again knock the end off.

The candle is then inserted so as to stand in the neck of the bottle, its light being protected inside.

## "WHITE" HEATHER.

The white heather trade is a very profitable one and is adopted by many street merchants.

But the greater part of the so-called white heather sold in the streets has been doctored, and is really of the commonest variety, grown not in Scotland but in Surrey.

Whether it brings as much luck when its whiteness is artificial, as when it is its natural condition, I cannot say, but at least, the recipient (for it is usually bought to give away) derives quite as much pleasure from it.

Heather is easily bleached by being kept from the light for a short time.

By putting a box or a flower pot over growing heather it can be made almost indistinguishable from the genuine white variety.

Even when it has been plucked, provided it is more or less fresh, it may be bleached by being placed under a stone for two or three days.

It may be useful to the holiday maker, by the way, to know that cut heather always lasts far better if not put in water. If kept absolutely dry it will retain its apparent freshness for months, though as soon as it is knocked about or shaken the flowers will all fall off.

## TELEPHONE IDIOTS.

I suppose the telephone has been responsible for more exhibitions of bad temper and greater loss of dignity than any other invention of man or the devil.

The trouble might be largely avoided by the exercise of a little commonsense, but the telephone idiot is incorrigible.

Of course, I am not concerned here with the man whose idiocy takes the form of being abominably rude or indulging in a practical joke over the wire. That is merely cowardly, because he knows you cannot get at him.

If you are rung up and informed that all is discovered and that you had better fly for your life, or are asked about some order which a voice purporting to come from Blank's Stores asserts that you gave it, you may well be taken in.

But then you may at least get a good laugh afterwards.

The real telephone idiot is a much worse nuisance, because he is so deplorably common.

He will ring you up, and as you take up the receiver you will hear "Hello?"

You reply.

"Hello, is that 15937x Central?"

You affirm shortly that it is.

"Well, who are you?"

You inform him, asking at the same time what the —— he wants.

"Hello, old chap," he replies, "how are you? Don't you know who it is speaking?"

"No."

"Try and guess."

If you don't slam the receiver down, or hurl the whole instrument to the floor, he may at last tell you who he is, and then he will ask after your wife and family, and then perhaps he will get to business.

It is just selfishness. Because he is not in a hurry, he forgets that you may be, and being invisible you cannot give him a gentle hint by shuffling papers and so on, but can only get rid of him by being downright rude.

Then there is the idiot who thinks he remembers the number of the man he wants, and doesn't bother to look it up. Most business men are rung up two or three times a day by this kind of idiot who informs them with an audible grin, after talking at cross-purposes for some time, that he is afraid he must be on the wrong number.

## CLAY PIPES.

Now that the "churchwarden" has gone out of fashion, the clay has ceased to be regarded as "respectable." But those whose regard for appearances does not allow them to smoke a clay pipe, miss a great deal of the pleasure of life.

The joys of colouring a clay are quite as great as those of colouring a meerschaum, and the flavour, when once a clay has been "broken in," is almost as good, at about a two-hundredth part of the price.

The one drawback of clay pipes is that the stem is unpleasant to put in the mouth, and is popularly supposed to lead to cancer of the tongue.

This difficulty, however, is easily got over, for it is possible to get pipes with a clay bowl and a vulcanite mouthpiece which cost about twopence apiece.

Even if your tobacconist cannot get these for you it is not a matter of great difficulty to manufacture one with the aid of the mouthpiece of a superannuated briar.

The bowl of a clay should be glazed if possible. This makes but little difference to the flavour, but a glazed clay, after it has been smoked once or twice, takes on a most beautiful rich brown tint, not unlike that of a meerschaum which has been smoked for years.

In fact many imitation meerschaums are to be seen in tobacconists' windows, which are simply glazed clays of a robust build. Very often they are already coloured.

The man who buys a pipe ready coloured is not only a knave, since he wishes to deceive, but a fool, since he misses a keen pleasure.

Call it childish if you like, but to the bachelor, at least, his pipe is a true friend, and he takes a genuine interest in its progress, and in watching it take on the fine brown colour of maturity.

Moreover, although these pipes are mostly coloured quite artificially, there is always the uncomfortable feeling that someone else may have smoked it first.

## IS YOURS HERE?

We want paragraphs with a bit of dash in them, and with plenty of masculine interest. Each week we pay 10s. for the best, and 5s. for every other used.

Don't exceed 250 words, use a postcard if you like, and never mind about literary style; we'll put that right.

Don't worry about dates. If your paragraph is too late for one issue, we shall consider it for the next.

Address all paragraphs to the Paragraph Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

The first prize this week goes to Mr. H. E. Bradley, The Laurels, Rainbow Hill, Worcester, for "How to Get a Cheap Ride."

## HOW TO GET A CHEAP RIDE.

I expect there are a good many men who like riding, but, like myself, cannot afford the luxury of keeping a horse, and have to be content with occasionally hiring one.

A good tip is to go to a local butcher or grocer, and bargain with him for the use of one of his nags.

If you go to the right sort of man, he will let you have one at half the cost you would have to pay for one at a livery stables.

I have always found that the butcher's horse is quite as good a one as I could get at a livery stables. And as my weekly holiday is on Thursday afternoon, and the butcher to whom I usually go closes his business the same afternoon, I can have the pick of the two or three he possesses at a very low rate and without losing any of my enjoyment.

The ideal, no doubt, is that your saddle-horse should never have been driven in harness, but we cannot all attain the ideal.

A horse which has been driven in a light butcher's cart is by no means spoilt for riding, and butchers always make a point of having a good animal in their carts.

As a matter of fact, comparatively few of the hacks let out by livery stable-keepers are kept entirely for saddle work, and when you are saving three or four shillings an afternoon you must not expect too much.

## THE SOLDIER'S FIGURE.

The ideal soldier is popularly looked upon as a fine big muscular man, with more brawn than brain, but the popular idea is, as often, not quite correct.

As a matter of fact, if a return were made showing the average height of the British regular soldier, the figure would be a surprisingly low one. In some branches of the Army there is even a maximum height which must not be exceeded, as well as a minimum.

But the most remarkable thing is that almost all our most successful soldiers have been small spare men.

To take a few instances from among our living Field-Marshals and Generals, Lord Roberts, Sir Evelyn Wood, Lord Wolseley, and the Duke of Connaught—all Field-Marshals who have given distinguished service as commanders in the field—are none of them big men.

The same is the case throughout history—Napoleon, Julius Cæsar, Moltke, and the rest of the great soldiers of history—they were not a tall crowd.

Even the Duke of Wellington was little above middle height and was always thin and spare.

The exceptions are few and far between. Sir George White, Sir Ian Hamilton, and a few more of our successful living commanders are perhaps not short, but they again are not the burly soldier of the popular idea.

"K. of K." is, no doubt, an exception, but even he has won his laurels rather as an organiser than in the field.

Sir Redvers Buller was another exception, and as if for that very reason his success was not as great as it promised to be.

## TURNING A HORSE.

There are lots of men who imagine they can ride and who yet have no notion of managing a horse properly.

Often it is for want of being properly taught.

What are known in the Army as the "aids" for turning a horse, are a case in point.

Plenty of men who think they can ride, when they want a horse to go to the right, will pull the right rein, because that is probably what they were taught to do in the riding school or wherever they learnt.

As a matter of fact all you need to do is to press your left knee against the saddle, to bring the left rein on the horse's neck, and to look slightly to the right.

Any one of these slight movements will be sufficient to bring a well trained horse round.

Pulling hard on one rein will not only annoy the horse, but spoil his mouth.

TORY OF CAMP LIFE.

# THE PRIDE of TROOPER KERNAHAN.

OHN HILARY GARRATT.

I.

per Kernahan, as night the encampment, lit a reflective cigarette ffed slowly.

n in the horse lines there was occasional ng, and that was the only sound that dis- the stillness.

the park land the fine old oak trees grew in the haze and a bright moon was ris- ove them. Night in the camp. . . .

Kernahan smoked on.

nder what the deuce is up with old an?" had been the general question e had asked to be "left alone for once." s all very quiet. Trooper Stephen, Ser- Hall, and the rest of the Tenth Legion had nto Brynhilton to conquer the hearts of r and draw the wrath of the village down upon their smart, but hated, s, for the damsels, alas, were faithless hilton when the gallant King's Own were pation of the Common.

efore Trooper Stephen was in an e, and Sergeant Hall less bored sual.

Kernahan had elected to stay alone. But not the "tender twilight feeling" that him. He consumed his cigarette in gry puffs, and, getting up from his chair his tent, he flung it away with an ex- on of disgust.

a soldier," he said to himself, "if only linkin' fortnight. I must swallow, it— hard—very hard."

aw someone walking smartly up the lines. Heaton!" exclaimed Kernahan.

oung man in the officers' mess dress slowly towards him, scrutinising each he came along.

erty Hall, the Sergeant-Major said," he ed as he went by. "Liberty Hall."

here, sir," said Trooper Kernahan, ng up to attention.

enant Heaton turned.

anks," he said. "I was looking for it, but an unofficial visit, so——"

per Kernahan relaxed his limbs, and lit cigarette, closing the case with a deci- ap.

ctly," he said.

enant Heaton regarded the Trooper a ervously.

ght—might I join you?" he asked.

asure!" Kernahan offered him his cigar- se, and kicked a collapsed camp chair into le form.

ve a seat, sir," he suggested.

enant Heaton, with the moon throwing most into limelight as of the stage, another curious look at Kernahan, and wn.

ll?" observed Trooper Kernahan.

seems to me, sir, that the lead is in your To what am I indebted for the honour visit?"

hink you know well enough, Kernahan— or the present, let's drop formalities, and man to man—I think, I say, that you well enough. Your memory probably can you back to yesterday morning."

sterday morning? Let me see, I believe was then acting more or less effectively as of aide to Captain Devine."

s, and it was because I didn't know——"

ll, as you say, that was yesterday morn- ut there is a slight difference. Then I rooper Kernahan—now, as you've kindly sed with formalities, I'm plain Kernahan, lain, and consequently have no memory ything pleasant or unpleasant that hap- when I was Number Something of the s Own Royal Regiment Blankshire anry. Sufficient unto the Yeoman's day Last Post thereof!"

Lieutenant's cigarette end burned red nittently in the moonlight, and the Lieu- tenant smoked thoughtfully for a space. Then he turned an admiring gaze on the Trooper.

"If things weren't in the tangle at present that we both know they are—both, I say, Trooper—Mr.—Kernahan—I should ask you for the honour of your hand right here, and now. But it wouldn't be fair to the best sportsman I've met in this or any Regiment."

"I see you're determined to remind me that I'm Number Something in the King's Own—Mr. Heaton—when I would try to forget what the authorities would call the 'regrettable incident' of yesterday morning."

The Lieutenant smiled grimly.

"As a matter of fact," he said in concise clear tones, "I want you to be Mr. Kernahan at this moment with the memory of Trooper Kernahan but not his Regimental responsibilities. Do you follow me? Let's have done with this damned fencing, boy! Let's face it out! D'you think I can meet you on Parade, day after day, with the little matter between us unsettled? D'you think that because I'm wearing this beautifully-cut mess dress that I'm not a man? No, by George. Hell with the Regiment for once! Mr. Heaton and Mr. Kernahan can settle their differences on their own, like gentlemen!"

"Ah, that's far more satisfactory," said Kernahan feelingly. "Then we leave the Regiment out of it?"

"Entirely!"

"That's sportsmanlike of you, certainly"—Kernahan pondered a little—"but I see no way out of the difficulty. The fact remains that yesterday when I was acting on the instructions of Captain Devine, you did not only see fit to disregard the message I brought you, but also to doubt my word completely. It cut my pride a little at the time. I'll admit I've my share of it."

"A man's share."

"Thank you. To continue. Well, since then I've tried to forget it all—to forget also that you, an officer of the Regular Army, that came down to show us something, managed to lead the whole Squadron into a beautiful mess, because of your incomprehensive, putrid, and piffling idea of——"

"Go on, Kernahan. That's just what I like to hear. I deserve every word——"

"Deserve every word!"—Kernahan blazed, firing at the recollection of the regrettable incident—"And now, I suppose, you come to me with some weak apology. You're very sorry—an' all that sort of thing. You've kindly allowed me my individuality; well, hang it, Heaton, it was a trial enough for my Regimental pride—but for me, personally——"

Lieutenant Heaton, of the Regular Army, cut through the sentence.

"Damn it, boy, I don't apologise, I haven't apologised, and I'll see you in Hell before I do! See here. If you don't mind my mess jacket adorning the inside of your tent for a moment, also this rather expensive waistcoat"—As he spoke, the Lieutenant hastily slipped off these articles and stood in his shirt sleeves in the moonlight—"you shall have the satisfaction I came to give you—and the apology afterwards, win or lose! Now you see I'm ready for you. We're English, and fists will do, boy, eh?"

"With all my heart!"

Kernahan unbuckled his brown leather belt. Then he glanced at the Lieutenant who stood waiting, with half a smile playing about his lips. He slipped the belt on again.

"No," he said slowly. "As an officer I couldn't hit you, as a man I won't. Above all things in this world I honour a sportsman. Heaton, let's cry quits"—Kernahan put out his hand—"A fight could do no more than this sportsmanlike offer of yours. You've played the game, but you've disarmed me. The moral victory, by George, is to you!"

A firm grasp met Kernahan's outstretched hand, and a few minutes later the sentries saluted, in great but unbetrayed surprise, an officer of the Regular Army, passing out of the lines in the company of a Territorial Trooper.

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II.

"The thing," observed a Trooper of "B" Squadron, "is what are we to do about it?"

A score of men of "B." Squadron were seated, enjoying a light supper, in the grill room of the Brynhilton Grand Hotel, a place far less grand than its title, but favoured with "B" Squadron's patronage.

"I think," said Trooper Stephen, "that the best thing the Squadron can do is to keep out of the row like gentlemen. Personally we—Hall and I—have never found it particularly profitable fooling with Kernahan's affairs, thank you! He conducts his own operations in his own patent manner. If you'll take my tip, you'll influence your particular friends to take no notice whatever.

"After all, what has happened? Kernahan bears a verbal message to Heaton from Captain Devine, but that is most irregular. Naturally, Lieutenant Heaton has his own plans. He's digging out for his own reputation and, on the face of it, Devine's tactics seemed a bit futile. I was with Heaton's lot all through, so you will observe, my children, that your uncle knows.

"We were packed as snug as bugs in a rug, behind Flagstaff Hill. Heaton thought this a lovely position, but Devine knew it was exposed.

"'Captain Devine,' old Kernahan ended up, 'requests that you should relinquish Flagstaff Hill at once and fall back to the Cross Roads!'

"Heaton went a beautiful pink.

"'That would be suicidal,' he said, 'and I'm damned if I believe it!'"

"Good Lord! And what did Kernahan do?" asked a Trooper who was not of the Tenth Legion, excitedly.

"Charged the Lieutenant with sword drawn at once—I don't imagine, you owl!" said Stephen hotly. "Do? Of course, he saluted and said nothing, falling back into the ranks at once and taking up his place in the last troop. Eight years in the King's Own, under Sergeant-Major Brighton, teaches you to sweat your temper.

"Young Heaton, of course, had exceeded his rights. Hang a man as much as you like, but never call him a liar—it's undignified.

"Heaton, of course, has only just taken a commission in the regulars, and I suppose he thought that swankin' about in charge of Squadron "B" would rush him through a course in field operations before he was blooded on the Regulars. Colonel kindly gives him the best lot of chaps in the Territorial Army to play with, and the first thing His Serene Idiocy does is to call the cock of the walk a liar. Bad beginning. Dam' bad.

"Moreover, all turned out just as Kernahan said it would. We stuck to Flagstaff Hill and got ambuscaded and generally wiped off the face of the earth. But Kernahan didn't say a word

even when he surrendered to a 'C' Squadron man, as prisoner, by the Rules of the Game—not a word in anger.

"Thanks to Lieutenant Heaton,' he says to me, 'we can now retire into Brynhilton and get a bottle of Worthington at the Grand, which is precisely what I'm dying for at the present moment,' he says, 'and I propose a vote of thanks to young Heaton. D.S.O. I create him from this day. Isn't it a distinguished service to us—this Heaton-sent opportunity for a little light refreshment on a broiling day?'

"'Rather!' I said, but I could twig that he was cussin' pretty considerably inwardly, and said so.

"'If I had the star on my shoulder, I might speak unofficially to Heaton for ten minutes or so,' he said, 'but as we are only plurry troopers we must drown our cares in this excellent Worthington.'

"That, of course, closed the incident," Trooper Stephen concluded, "and Kernahan whistled the 'Teddy Bear' and bits of Sullivan for the rest of the afternoon. That was his way of takin' defeat."

Sergeant Hall, "in the chair" at the end of the long table, turned to the Trooper on his left.

"And that's the way," he said, "that the Squadron's got to take the implied insult to its Senior Trooper. I believe, myself, that the whole thing was done in the heat of the moment."

"The Squadron," observed the Trooper, "think of taking measures to signify their disapproval."

"They won't be supported by Kernahan *or* his particular pals if they do!" Sergeant Hall remarked firmly. "Kernahan takes it whistling. The Squadron generally must do the same. Kernahan can pocket his pride—for the good of the Squadron. He hasn't said so to me, but *I* know not only that he can but that he will!"

"'Ear, 'ear!" Stephen chimed in, election fashion. "What a bally orator you'd make, S'g'nt!"

The glass doors at the end of the room swung open at that moment, and Lieutenant Heaton entered, followed by Trooper Kernahan. The Troopers, generally, gasped and stared.

Now there is an unwritten rule in the King's Own that men seated at table shall rise on the entry of an officer. Sergeant Hall and Trooper Stephen got up immediately. The rest remained sullenly seated.

Kernahan, who was some little distance behind the Lieutenant, saw this thing. In a moment he made his decision.

"Someone is waiting to see you in the smoke-room," he said hurriedly to the Lieutenant. "Up the stairs and turn to the right. I'll order the supper."

"Wonder who it can be?" The Lieutenant retraced his steps and passed out of the swing doors, while Kernahan congratulated himself upon the fact that the smoke-room, being in the old wing of the rambling "Grand," was particularly hard to find.

"Hall," he said to the genial Sergeant, "*I'm* the plurry chairman for two minutes, and I now call on Trooper Kernahan to address the company!"

Sergeant Hall vacated the chair, and Kernahan rapped on the table with a soup ladle. The men of "B" Squadron, who were smoking after-supper cigars, were all attention at once.

"Speech! Speech!" they cried.

"Go on, Kerny! Shut up, you chaps! Hear, hear!"

"Sergeant Hall and Troopers of good old Squadron 'B,'" Kernahan began, "it isn't often that I don't understand you dev—gentlemen, I mean—but I would ask you all: Since when has Squadron 'B' forgotten how to behave itself? The traditions of the Regiment we have the honour to belong to, order that the men shall stand for a moment or two on the entry of an officer. Lieutenant Heaton came into this room a minute ago. You remained seated; you flung the traditions to the winds."

A confused murmur arose.

"I know that you are not the sort of chaps to take advantage of the fact that Lieutenant Heaton, who is not a King's Own officer, does not know of this—er—little courtesy. Then what——"

"Damn it, Kernahan!" A Trooper at the other end of the table sprang up. "You don't expect us to honour a—a cad, do you—a bumptious idiot? Lieutenant Heaton proved himself a damn bad sportsman to you yesterday."

Two Yeomen on either side of him pulled the Trooper down.

"Shut up!" they said. "Go on, Kerny!"

"Thank you." Kernahan glowered a little under the gaslight. "Since when has the Squadron taken to dry nursing *me*? I might tell you, if I thought you idiots would ever understand, precisely what manner of man this Heaton is—but you'd go on jawing about it long after Lights Out."

"No! no!"

Kernahan knew well just where to flick them on the raw.

"Well, will you fellows take my word?" Kernahan spoke earnestly and the table chorused assent. "Then take it from me that this night Heaton has proved himself a sportsman of the first water—a soldier and a true English gentleman, when I tell you that he offered to settle this matter that was between us, man to man, in his shirt sleeves, with his Mess jacket and waistcoat lying on my own bed, perhaps you'll——"

But Kernahan could get no further. Lieutenant Heaton had entered and the men sprang to their feet immediately.

The Lieutenant, obviously pleased, saluted, and the Troopers sat down.

Sergeant Hall clutched Kernahan in a muscular grip and swung him out of his place.

"As chairman of this informal Mess, sir," he said, "it is my privilege to ask you to drink with us."

Kernahan hastily handed the Lieutenant a glass of wine.

"Gentlemen!" said Kernahan, "I give you a toast. To the Good Sportsmen of the King's Own—coupled with the name of Lieutenant Heaton. Tune her up, Stephen."

Trooper Stephen, already at the piano in the corner of the room, gave the chord, and the uproarious strains of "He's a jolly good fellow" resounded even to the old wing of the Grand Hotel.

## SNAGS.

Lots of farthing people try to live like sovereigns.

* * * * * * *

Most self-made men look as if they ought to have had some help.

* * * * * * *

A poor excuse, if new, is better than a good one that has been overworked.

* * * * * * *

When she says you really must not see her any more, turn out the gas.

* * * * * * *

Some men are pleasant to talk to, but disagreeable to listen to.

* * * * * * *

Men who mind their own business are usually successful. You see, they have so few competitors.

* * * * * * *

When a man compliments a woman she is never satisfied. She wants him to repeat it about seven times.

* * * * * * *

In a restaurant you know what you order, but you don't always know what you get.

* * * * * * *

Many a man is pound foolish without being even penny wise.

* * * * * * *

Life is a flower; love is the honey in it.

* * * * * * *

Adversity has its uses. The neighbours get a chance to talk.

## SIMPSON'S FADS.

BY ONE WHO SUFFERED FROM THE

Simpson is one of those chaps who c exist without some fad or another.

One year it was sleeping on the balcon collecting stamps. The year before it chemistry and sprinting.

I asked him what the connection was, did not explain. I really fancy it was be in the event of an explosion he thought he stand a better chance if he could run.

Last year it was geology—he was stone chipping. He dragged me miles to used quarry, looking for sandstone, he All I got was a lot of splinters in my eye that awkward with a hammer!

Then he insisted on my accompanying to the seaside, where he spent the time pi up pebbles to which he gave fancy names.

He declared later that he had disco chalky deposits in his own cistern, but it out that he had been using the whitewa bucket! He's an awful ass is Simpson.

Then he took to rubbing brasses, and every church in the South Midlands.

This fad did not last long enough, I am ful to say, for him to go still farther afield I spoilt several good suits of clothes and got a blunt end to my nose, to say nothi running the risk of having "housemaid's through kneeling on cold pavements and ing in the endeavour to decipher ancient in tions on the floor of nave and chancel.

Roman remains next engaged his atte and he came home one day in triumph what he said was a Roman lamp. It turne eventually to be part of a common flower-

He dug up a piece of old rusty iron and positive it was part of an old Roman sword, until his housekeeper was able to to him that it was a portion of a modern s

He dabbled in spiritualism, but after frig ing his landlady, who was subject to epi fits, he gave it up, and took to phrenology safer science.

However, he went too far, for he ad Tomkins not to deal with Smith, saying Smith had the bump of dishonesty largely veloped. It got round to Smith, who pro threatened a libel action, and it cost Sim something to square Smith's bumps.

After that he went in for astronomy, but gazing at the heavens he fell down the steps and saw more stars during the pro than the two Herschels both together.

Natural history then caught on, and son collected all kinds of queer creatures cluding snakes and fancy rats, and beetl divers sorts.

This fad was destined to cost him more all the others put together.

For his father, a sad old dog, came to him, and during his visit Simpson's colle got loose and invaded his room in the hours.

Of course, the old chap thought it was inevitable end of the "Rake's Progress." ing it was not, he went home and altered will and left everything he could to a di female relative, who did not possess even a cat.

The last fad of Simpson's was swimming fine healthy exercise, he said. Any man pluck could swim the Channel.

But Simpson didn't do much in that line. fished him out of the mill pond twice. He plained that some fool had set the whee motion. (That mill has not been used George the Fourth was King.)

Jones rescued him from the river—he was cramp that time.

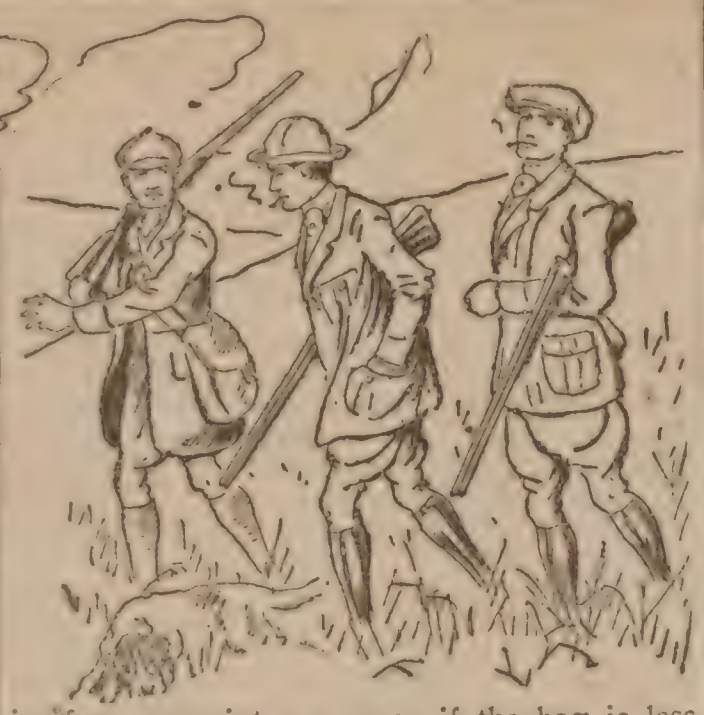
He was quite a godsend to the fishermen the seaside. But he found it was running with a good bit of his income.

Now I thank with great thanksgivings ever gods there be, that Simpson has taken something else.

He's a Territorial, and that's not a fad a fact.

CHARLES WATSON

# The Twelfth.



A SPORTING SKETCH.

I am staying with a friend who is a thorough sportsman of the good old-fashioned type. The [illegible] not a fashionable shooting lodge, and [illegible]estic arrangements are simple though [illegible]ri. There is no butler or other indoor man-servant, and the lasses who attend to the needs of the family were born in the parish and have the rich pink bloom of the heather upon their cheeks.

I wake up in the morning with a feeling of surprise at the amount of light in my room. The early sun is blazing across my bed as it never manages to do in London. There is a nip of freshness in the air, that makes me kick the [illegible] off in an instant and cross to the [illegible] to look out. There are trees round the [illegible] and beyond them is the wide stretch of heather-covered moor.

I dress quickly and go downstairs, to find that my friends and breakfast are already waiting for me.

SCOTCH BREAKFAST.

[illegible]kfast itself is a novelty and a pleasure. I believe that only in Scotland is the art of serving a breakfast thoroughly understood. On the table are various delicious eatables that you will find in no other country, and the fresh air in which I have slept has given me an appetite to do them justice.

When the meal is finished, we get our guns and prepare to make a start. The old gamekeeper, with his rugged, weather-beaten face, is waiting on the walk outside. There are to be no beaters, for my host is a thorough sportsman who likes to pit his skill against the natural wildness of the game, and who regards the battue system of driving the birds as butchery and not sport.

We tramp for a mile or so along a hilly road, with [illegible] on either side, and then we come to the open moor.

HAVING A WELCOME.

The heather is in full bloom, relieved by green patches of blaeberries and by the white specks of the waving cat's-tail plant. We pass a croft whose tenant is doing his best to cultivate some of the stubborn moorland soil about his cottage. He is at his door and so is his wife. They are waving us a welcome and noting our numbers, for they are going to boil the potatoes that will be served at our lunch.

We tramp on, and presently we leave behind the last black place from which the peat has been cut, and the ditch of inky water beneath [illegible] at the spot where we may expect game.

"Cock-a-beck-beck-beck!"

An old cock grouse sounds his defiance from a mound of heather and flies off, but he is too far.

LUCK.

The confidence that attends the novice, brought him to earth. He is our first and the keeper picks him up and hands a boy who is carrying the bag.

We make our way farther into the moor, sport is quicker. My host and some older members of the party are not so lucky as I am. I bring down two birds with a right and a left, and I have not so far missed with two shots in succession.

As I have said, the novice is lucky, but presently I miss with six shots one after the other, and I [illegible] back from a sporting heaven to heathery earth.

My average is not better than one [illegible] shots. I have found my level and I mean to stick to it.

When birds are driven to you, you know pretty well when to expect them, for they appear first as black specks on the horizon and gradually increase in bulk until they fly almost above you; but when you hunt your game in the proper [illegible] doing now, you never know [illegible] rise. The interest therefore is far more intense, even if the bag is less heavy.

We plough on through the heather, and I am glad that I have taken my host's advice and put on thick tacketed boots, for there are stony rain-washed places to be crossed, and the stones are smooth and slippery.

I have just stepped on to an unsuspected bog and both my feet are wet, but the water in my boots seems more in the nature of a refresher than a discomfort, for my heart is light and the blood is running quickly through me.

A BREAK.

By mid-day, in spite of all my enthusiasm, I am dead beat, though I will not confess it; and when we return to the spring well beside the little croft, I am infinitely relieved, for we will stay there for at least an hour to refresh the inner man.

A dog-cart has come down from my friend's house with various substantial refreshments, and the crofter and his wife are approaching with a steaming black pot, borne between them; it contains the potatoes which it is their pride and delight to boil for the gentlemen who come to the moors on the Twelfth.

The afternoon is spent much as the forenoon was, except that my legs and my back are aching as they have never done before, for tramping through the heather is not a light task, especially when you are carrying your own gun as I am doing.

HAPPILY WEARY.

It is not until the sun begins to sink in the west that our host gives the cease-fire, and once more we return to the moorland road by which we came.

Beside the spring well our bag has been laid out, brought there from time to time by the keeper and the boy who have attended us. It is stowed away on the dog-cart, and the vehicle is well loaded, but there is room for me on the box seat beside the groom, and I readily avail myself of my host's invitation to ride home.

A hot bath and a change of clothes bring new life to me, and the evening is a merry one, but all the same I am glad to go off to bed well before ten o'clock, for the fresh air and the exercise have made me sleepy.

But in the morning I am as eager as ever to be back amongst the birds, for it is one of the pleasures of sport on the moors, that the more you indulge in it the fitter do you feel both in body and in mind.

W. G. HARPER.

**WHAT DO YOU REQUIRE?**

***All your needs in the matter either of selling or buying are specially catered for in our Readers' Sale and Exchange Columns on page iii. of the cover.***

***There are many things you want to sell; sell 'em. An Advertisement on that page will bring you many replies.***

# LIFE SAVING.

## SOME USEFUL HINTS FOR THE RIVER AND THE SEASIDE SPORTSMAN.

Have you ever seen a man drowning?

It is a horrible sight, the more so when there is a large crowd looking on, and no one has got the pluck to go to his aid. I was one of the cowards once; I could swim, but I was afraid to go in after him, lest he should get hold of me and we should both go under.

As we stood gaping there, a youngster of about sixteen came up. Seeing how matters stood, he slipped off his boots and coat, and dived in after the drowning man.

After having brought him out of the water, he began to restore respiration. I envied the coolness with which that chap went to work and I made up my mind there and then to learn how to save life.

I was pleased to find the acquiring of this knowledge both easy and interesting.

If you also wish to do the same, before it is too late, you will need to get a chum to go to the baths with you and to practise some of the following tips.

The best plan is to take it in turns to represent the drowning person and the rescuer, for in this way you will both rapidly become proficient at life-saving.

When a person struggles very much, always kick him off you until you get a good hold, then, instead of towing him by the neck, put your arms well under his armpits, and spread your fingers out over his chest.

Always keep the head well out of the water but the body well under, as you will then have less to support.

The saying that a drowning man comes to the surface three times before going down for good is entirely wrong.

If you have gone in for anybody, and cannot see him after four or five seconds, you must dive for him.

On getting a drowned person out of the water take off all wet clothing and cover the body with dry garments, if obtainable. Pull the tongue forward and get some one to keep it there.

The usual methods of restoring respiration are Hall's, Sylvester's and Howard's.

Hall's method consists of laying the patient flat on his back, after having put a pad under the shoulders—your coat when rolled up makes a good one—and turning him alternately on his face and on his back; causing the air to be expelled from the lungs and then to re-enter them. This is the best method if you have no assistance.

To practise Sylvester's method, lay the patient on his back, with a pad under his neck to raise his head. Then grasp the arms just below the elbows, with the thumbs inwards, raise the arms until they are straight above his head, and then bring them slowly back and press the elbows into the bottom of the chest.

In this case you should be kneeling at the head of the patient. When pressing the elbows into the chest, you must take care not to press the stomach, for this would cause any water therein to be forced out, only to be drawn into the lungs.

If assistants are available, direct them to chafe the limbs, always rubbing towards the heart.

For Howard's method, place a support under the stomach; turn the patient on his face with his hands crossed under the forehead.

Kneel astride of him, put your hands on his back below the lowest ribs, and press towards his head for two or three seconds.

Then turn him over on his back, and, still kneeling over him, put your weight upon his chest, always pressing upwards; then relieve the strain, and repeat every four or five seconds.

You will see that the whole basis of resuscitation is to cause the chest to be expanded and deflated.

Cases have been known where men have been restored after four hours of artificial respiration; so never give up hope until a medical man has pronounced life to be extinct.

W. L. SLINGSBY.

# WHERE MEN FORECATHER.

## XXIV. IN THE TRAIN.

I have already dealt with the life you see in railway stations, but I feel justified in devoting one article of this series to life as we see it in the train, for the conditions are different.

In the station there is a certain amount of restraint. The tender farewell is cut short and finds expression rather in the warmth of the handshake than in the outpourings of the lips, for people are watching, and the Englishman does not care to show his feelings.

The young man arrives with his camera slung across his shoulder and a copy of a sporting paper held proudly in the hand that is not occupied with his bag.

The little man goes up to the end of the train and timidly looks for an empty carriage, as if he feared to intrude upon anyone else's privacy.

That is before the train starts. When it has sped about twenty miles upon its way, the characteristics of all—at least the superficial characteristics—have largely disappeared and the tired, primitive man is shown.

**BREAKING THE ICE.**

He who bade his girl a tender farewell has got life back in his eyes again, for the pangs of the separation are over; the youth with the camera has already become tired of his sporting paper, and all his boldness has disappeared; the little timid man is beginning to find his nerve and to look about him with confidence.

Gradually we are beginning to feel that we know one another, and after the train has stopped and started again, someone speaks.

The ice is broken, the papers are laid aside and we start chatting.

And so to the end of the journey, where we bid one another good-bye casually, as men of our nation always do, but with a feeling that we should rather like to make another journey together.

I have sketched what I regard as rather a pleasant journey—that is, pleasant so far as a railway trip can ever be. But there are many happenings which may mar the comfort of the traveller.

I recall a most unpleasant experience when a man got into my carriage at Yeovil, obviously intoxicated. He was violently sick, and the train did not stop till we reached Salisbury.

I seriously wondered whether I should be liable to pay the £5 penalty if I pulled the communication cord and had the train stopped in order to change my carriage, but I stuck it out.

**JOURNALIST AND PRINTER.**

I remember another man who became extremely confidential and eventually asked me what my profession was. I told him I was a journalist, and he informed me that he was a printer. I believe he was, for he knew a great deal about the technical side of the business, concerning which, by the way, I know practically nothing.

He revelled in showing up my ignorance to the other travellers, and his object was undoubtedly to give both me and them the impression that he was distinctly my superior.

We were both travelling to the same town, and at the end of the journey he button-holed me on the platform and asked me whether I knew of any job that was open, as he was looking for one.

I should certainly have told him if I had known of anything, for I always try to do a man a turn whether I like him or not, but I was not very sorry to be ignorant of any vacancy in the printing line.

In contrast with the objectionable and the boring type of traveller, you will find, if you have taken many long-distance journeys, that there is much of the humorous side of life to be seen in the railway carriage.

I recall the case of a man who was dressed in black and who looked like some type of temperance reformer.

During the journey, he produced from a black handbag a packet of sandwiches and a soda water bottle, which was filled with a transparent brownish-yellow liquid.

"There is nothing to equal cold tea as a drink," he said.

Nobody dared to contradict him.

**THE DRINK OF THE MAN IN BLACK.**

I saw, however, a mischievous smile playing about the eyes of a commercial traveller who was sitting next to him, and while the man in black was drinking his cold tea, the commercial got up to take something off the rack, and clumsily sent his elbow against the bottle.

It fell to the floor, and its contents spread over the dusty boards in a moment. The smell of whisky was overpowering.

The commercial apologised for his clumsiness, produced a notebook from his pocket, and, turning to the man in black, politely inquired the name of this particular kind of tea, as he was very anxious to get some.

After that the man in black froze up and offered us no more advice in the matter of beverages.

**SIMPLE COURTESY.**

Talking of refreshments reminds me of a very hearty Lincolnshire farmer with whom I once travelled.

He produced a bottle of whisky from his pocket, drew the cork and passed the bottle round.

After he had had a drink himself—and the bottle went round many times—he always threw out a splash, in order, presumably, to clean the mouth of the bottle before he offered it to anyone else.

It was a pretty little bit of courtesy in a rough quarter, and you will see much of that as well as of the other elements of human nature in the railway train.

PETER GILCHRIST.

## THE WEAK EYE.

Almost everyone has eyes of unequal strength. There is nothing to worry about in this, provided each eye is fit for its job; but there are many men who cannot see to read with one eye though they can do so easily when using both.

The writer at one time suffered from weakness of the left eye, and was rejected as unsuitable for a certain appointment which he wished to fill. During the medical examination each eye was examined separately, and the defective left was shown up at once.

The cure adopted in this case may be useful to others, for it enabled the writer to pass the doctor when he next presented himself.

There are times when you do not require to see well, as, for example, when you are walking or cycling along an unfrequented road, when you are putting on your clothes, when you are eating alone, and so forth; on such occasions, close your strong eye and make your weak one do all the work.

This system of simply strengthening the eye by exercising it, will in many cases make it strong, though, of course, the plan will not always work.

## MEANNESS.

**AN UNPARDONABLE FAULT IN A**

Some mean men "spoil the ship for a ha'
of tar."

I know a very well-to-do man, the c
anxiety of whose life is his gas-bill. He
in a perfect fever lest a single cubic
be wasted, and if you go to his ho
never enough light. And no doubt the
will be able to think of men among his acq
ance who practise petty and almost laug
economies.

Such men, however, are perhaps rather
monious than mean. About true meanness
is something essentially despicable, base
manly.

It is extraordinary to what lengths mean
will go to save a few paltry coppers, no
cause they are hard-up, but simply because
are innately and ineradicably mean.

Among the frequenters of our village pu
poor sodden "sponge"—he is not mean, be
he has nothing to be mean on, he is just a
for free drinks.

The other day, while Soker was presen
came the mean man of our village, and or
a bottle of beer. They serve large bottles
at our pub—'tis a drouthy neighbourho
and, seeing Soker, the mean man, ha
enough and to spare, called out: "H
of this, old chap?"

"No, thanks," said Soker; "you know I c
stand that gassy stuff."

"Oh, but you must," persisted the mean
and insisted on filling up Soker's glass.
very mean, because he would not spend an
twopence on the draught ale Soker likes.

It was cheap, very cheap, hospitality, and
mean man is always on the look out for a ch
of appearing hospitable at no cost to h
He will wait till he sees your glass filled,
then come up and ask you to have a drink.

Our village man played that trick on me
the other day. I had a newly-opened bo
beer in front of me, when up he came wi
great air of cordiality. "Have a drink,
chap?" he said.

"No, thanks," I replied, "I've just got
here," and then I added by way of a j
"enough to give you a bath." "Thanks,
mind if I do," he said, fetched a glass from
counter, and sat down beside me, leavi
course, no option but to share my
him—and I had a thirst on me, mor'n
to that bottle, darn him.

You may say I was mean to grudge
beer. I did not grudge it him, but I objec
to his meanness in giving me an invitation
knew I could not accept, and then seizing
joking remark to save buying himself a d
when he wanted one.

Similarly the mean man will invite you
luncheon or dinner when he knows you c
come, and in his mind at least that cou
having entertained you.

Scotsmen have a name for meanness, bu
think, undeservedly so. A Scot hates w
and likes value for his money, but that does
necessarily make him mean.

Then the Scot's apparent meanness is o
just pride; he won't show hospitality bec
he cannot at the moment give you the best,
his pride forbids him to give you anyth
short of the best.

My experience of Scotsmen is that when t
entertain they are lavish to the verge of ex
vagance, but the mean man's hospitality
cheap and nasty, although he can afford t
you well.

The mean man is not only despica
foolish, for he deceives none except p
himself. His little subterfuges and evasio
his mean little economies, his unmanly
willingness to "stand his shot" are all o
and seen through, and in the end his mea
costs him dear, for his fellow-men take a d
in making him pay through the nose.

OLIVER STOKES.

# A Gentleman of India

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

By C. G. MOORE.

*Fair is our lot. O goodly is our heritage.*
—A SONG OF THE ENGLISH.

[illegible] with a Bencher of the Temple led me [illegible] August day down King's Bench Walk, [illegible] the sunlit court where the fountain [illegible] musically, and a serene peace, which is [illegible] London, reigns.

[illegible]y I met contingents of young India- [illegible]al, and Young India affects a rolled [illegible] in the finest weather, wears patent [illegible] many-hued ties, and an air of [illegible]ction and respectability which would [illegible] Dons of Oxford.

[illegible]ed at them, but they took no particular [illegible] of me. They had better manners.

[illegible] young English barrister hurried across the [illegible]urt and called to a spectacled, brown-skinned [illegible]tudent of Indian Law who walked alone, study- [illegible]ing what appeared to be a scurrilous pamphlet.

"[illegible] Gunga!"

"Ah!" The student stopped, and leaned on [illegible]lled umbrella.

"I say, have you seen Parring—Mr. William [illegible]unkett Parring?"

"[illegible] down to Common Room," returned [illegible]ut laconically in almost unaccented [illegible]

"[illegible]ce he has! Well, does he remember [illegible] appointment with me?"

"[illegible]. He is reading 'Manders on [illegible] Administration.'"

"[illegible] he's dead to the world. Wish you'd [illegible]od enough to go and wake him up. I [illegible]an't keep him ten minutes."

Now it happened that Mr. William Plunkett Parring was the very man I wanted to see—also there was something strangely familiar to me about Gunga. In any case he could direct me to Mr. Parring—so I approached him and raised my hat politely.

"Do you think I am a mere foreigner—raising your hat like that?" asked Gunga. Then it burst on me. This was Gunga Bowangee of my old school days grown up, and a student of Indian Law!

"Ha[illegible]!" I said, extending to him the salutation of the handshake. "I recognise you at first, Darkie—I mean—

"[illegible] and Gunga are different," he admitted, "but here they call me Gunga, same as [illegible]rkie" and "Rajah" at the old school, you [illegible]w."

[illegible]own to him my mission, and to[illegible] we strolled down a flight of steps and, [illegible] a Temple Messenger who grew fat on [illegible]delivering non-existent messages, into the cool stone-flagged retreat of the Temple's Common [illegible]Room. Then he produced a dazed Mr. Parring, [illegible]o had to keep his appointment with the [illegible]barrister, devouring "Manders on Dis- [illegible]ministration" as he ran.

"[illegible]," said Gunga, as he watched Parring [illegible]out of the sombre stone gateway. "Quite [illegible]. Better try a cup of tea while you await [illegible]. Come with me. In here."

[illegible]aker, grey-haired and pompous, [illegible]on a tray, with all the ceremony [illegible]the sacred precincts.

[illegible], hearing the Templars' red cross [illegible]everywhere, carven in stone, [illegible]on a blue ground above oak cup- [illegible]boarding also the window-panes, [illegible]the "boast of heraldry"—and so [illegible]only English.

[illegible] whole atmosphere was distinctly ecclesias- [illegible], but around the room in picturesque atti- [illegible]s lounged dark-skinned young Indians, with [illegible] intellectual forehead, serious sloe eyes, and [illegible]fully-shaped hands.

[illegible] deep in Law Books, while others [illegible] over illustrated papers, and, hearing their low-toned laughter, I began to respect these young men of India—so well educated that they could even appreciate the laboured English joke!

"And yet you call us foreigners—even barbarians," remarked my old school-fellow Gunga, voicing my thoughts, "savages—children—we who had kings reigning over us before the Britons understood a little unwritten tribe law, and had hardly learnt to *clothe* themselves—in the skins of wild beasts!"

"Then the English weather must have been different in those days," I put in, shivering at the thought of the bygone summer.

But Gunga disregarded me.

"Ah, you little people," he said, "when will you learn—when will you learn?"

He stirred his tea reflectively.

A couple of young Englishmen entered and gazed round rather contemptuously.

"The bloomin' Indian Empire in possession!" one observed, just loud enough for me to hear. Then he caught sight of me, and regarded me curiously. My hatband displayed my late public school's "Old Boys" colours. He seemed to take note thereof.

The two Englishmen had a whispered consultation, and occasionally I caught the name of my school.

"Well, *I* think we ought to tell him."

And they both disappeared again.

"You see?" observed Gunga, peering at me keenly through his spectacles. "'East is East and West is West and never the twain shall meet.' That is your English racial pride—but we shall be an Empire when you have crumbled away—when you're crushed beneath the heel of those who shall be the new masters of the world. The English have had their turn. Now they are gambling with their heritage."

"Gunga," I said, "where did you learn all this piffle? You were an odd sort of idiot at school. What's got into that fuddled head of yours now?"

"Truth," he replied solemnly, "the pure truth. My friend, there is peace in Europe. You, here in England, play your games—but it is all like a cricket field over which a dark thunder cloud lowers."

He put his hand across the table and grasped my arm.

"You can hear the fall of the leaf in the silence of Europe. It is so also out in the East—in India. There, too, is the hush before the storm."

His voice was husky.

"*I* know India groans beneath the yoke of England. When she realises her strength she will rise, and there will be no mistake this time—no blunder, I tell you! You see we—we Gentlemen of India—come here to learn, and you English are obliging. You show us all. You put your game clearly before us, that we may realise how great England is.

"But we learn also how to reckon your administration at your own valuation. We know exactly what your so-called Empire-builders are worth. They are fighting for their own glory and for a place in the King's list of Birthday Honours. For England? Ah, how few!"

I listened, wondering, not at what he said, but at the fact that this was "Darkie" of my schooldays—the morose "Rajah," who used to call us "fool boys" when we salaamed to him in mock servility. But on Speech Day he would march up to the dais, wearing an Oriental grin on his face, to receive the prizes we were not clever enough to win.

"This England," he went on, his voice rising crescendo, "is the oppressor of our country."

He rose as if to slay someone, his eyes blazing.

"But we here are working to cut the notch by which India may climb back to her former greatness. The work has been weary, the way set with thorns, but behold——"

He got no further, for two of the young men who possessed a sense of humour sprang on him, and put their hands over his mouth, roughly but effectively.

They carried my friend outside. It was the old touch. I had seen it done at school, when he addressed us unofficially, standing on a form, upon the enormity of "swishing" at Public Schools.

Alas! Gunga was ever a reformer, but he never quite managed to reform himself.

In the stone-flagged passage where the notice boards are, I met the two Englishmen who had objected to the occupation of the Common Room by the "Indian Empire."

"We thought of telling you," said one, "but we see you've found out. That Gunga is an objectionable little beast, living in hopes of becoming a regular devil one of these days. He has a horrible time with the other chaps, bebecause he's always flauntin' the glories of his forefathers or somethin' before them. They set on him occasionally. Gunga's blubbin' outside now—can't you hear him?

"He edits a seditious publication which is enough to make a cat laugh. You ought to read his gory articles.

"They say he went to quite a decent school, too—but he never says where. Wild horses won't get it out of him."

"Thank God!" I said fervently, and departed in chase of William Plunkett Parring, whom I spied sailing down the corridor deep in "Manders on District Administration."

Coming out, I lent a Gentleman of India a fragment of bootlace with which to mend his spectacles.

## YOUR KNIFE.

A knife is one of those things which a man ranks with his watch; he regards it as indispensable to his comfort, and he is miserable for the rest of the day if he discovers that in his morning hurry he has left it behind on his dressing-table.

Nobody else's knife seems to sharpen pencils so well as your own, and if you are knifeless your pencils seem to need sharpening twice as often as usual.

A knife is one of those things you ought to pay a good price for at the start. For a shilling you can get one that cuts, but you will have to replace it often; for 3s. 6d. you can buy a knife that will last for years, and look respectable even when the blades are worn thin.

The matter of sharpening, by the way, should never be neglected. At least once in the three months you should put a fresh edge on the blades by rubbing them on an oilstone, or if you don't happen to possess such a thing, you should get a cutler to do the job for about threepence.

Knives with a lot of fitments, from a miniature screwdriver to a hook for picking stones from horses' feet, look sporting, but they should be carried only when you are engaged in sport, for they are heavy and will soon wear your pocket out.

# Playing the Game

AN EPISODE.

By GEORGE PRENDERGAST.

"The luck of youth!"

"Harry Verde in winning vein!"

Harry Verde rose from the card-table, smiling gaily, and swept a rich pile into his hand. The clock on the mantelpiece had just chimed the midnight hour, and was ticking on solemnly into Sunday morning. It was the rule at Camiston Hall that cards should finish at twelve on Saturday nights, an "old-fashioned" prejudice of the host, whose son, Geoffrey Cottar, made one of the party.

"Good night, you chaps," said Geoffrey.

"Half a minute and I'm with you," said one.

"Right. Buck up, Ashby. Verde and Perriston, you know where to find a night-cap, don't you? Now don't stay up too long, Perriston, jawing about War to young Hopeful. (Pardon, Harry!) You chaps must be in form for that foursome to-morrow. Good night."

"Good night. Good night, Geoff!"

The door closed, and Harry Verde went to the sideboard.

"Well, what's the last peg, Jack?" he asked.

"Brandy for me."

The bronzed Captain John Perriston, whose splendid figure showed off his evening dress to that perfection which is beyond fashion-plates, sat down wearily in an arm-chair.

"Brandy? Phew!" The youthful Harry looked round in surprise. "Want a nerve steadier after my little triumph of this evening, eh? Well, I *did* cut you chaps up a bit. Moral: don't play when a pal's luck is dead in. It's unprofitable. There. I think that's enough brandy, and you can add the water yourself. A little whisky will do *me*. *My* nerves aren't bad, thank heaven—and you an old New South Wales Lancer!—I tell you, Jack, the youngsters are coming up and whacking you veterans. . . . There, you see—*my* hand doesn't shake a bit—I thought you were going to break the glass when you poured out the water! Here's luck!"

"Cheero, boy! Harry."

The tone was appealing.

"Hullo!" Verde put down his glass from his lips. "I say, you *do* seem to have got a hump on to-night, Jack, and I can't see why. What more does your sporting soul require? A foursome to-morrow morning, and then, if we can get rid of that prig, Geoff, we can have a quiet hand with one of the other chaps to make up."

"We shall do nothing of the sort!" Perriston blazed. "Geoff's father won't countenance cards here on Sunday. You and your new set would call it——"

"Superstitious foolery!"

"Exactly. But you're staying under the roof of one of the best sportsmen in the county. The least you can do is to conform to the only restriction he asks of us all. Besides"—Perriston's voice dropped—"it's not playing the game, Harry; it's not playing the game!"

"Good gad! What a Nonconformist missioner you're becoming in your old days, Jack! I can stick anything but a moral reformer—straight I can! I don't know precisely the form of the New South Wales Lancer chaps, but in my Regiment they'd make your life pretty unbearable if you funked a game just because the shops close up one day, and Mr. Jones, of London, assumes his greasy top-hat and frocker and an air of smug respectability. In *my* Regiment——"

"The Regiment again!" Perriston broke in. "Well, as we're talking of the Regiment, perhaps you'll remember what you promised me a week ago in Town. You said you'd chuck the gambling set, but as soon as Ashby suggests a game of cards here to-night, your eyes sparkle and you're in your element! You're letting it get hold of you, Harry."

"Oh, damn it, Jack! Surely when a chap joins a country house party for a week-end he must do *something* to relieve the deadly monotony!"

Perriston got up, went to where the other was standing, and looked him squarely in the face.

"Look here, boy," he said earnestly. "I can see by your eyes that you've played every night up there since I left you. You've broken your word to me."

"I haven't. I've only——"

"Oh, don't try to blink the matter with a childish evasion. There's nothing so contemptible as a petty lie."

Verde paled a little under the light, opened his mouth as if to speak, but said nothing.

"You know you *can't* deny it, Harry." Perriston leaned forward and looked into the boy's eyes. "I promised my old chum, your father, that when you'd got through the Shop and they'd made an officer and a gentleman of you, that you should play the game—Life's Game—as befitted his son. Are you doing it? Are you keeping your word to *me*? That's the first thing a gentleman must do—keep his word."

Still Verde—Lieutenant in a cavalry regiment that has glory to its name—hung his head and remained silent.

Perriston went on in calmer tones.

"Do you know," he said, "that I've got a serious warning for you, boy? There's trouble brewing over that little row in the Soudan. That's how all these things begin. I know. First of all it's a three-line paragraph in the papers. A religious fanatic has got together a few tribesmen and made a futile onslaught on a regiment stationed out there. But the religious fanatic who fights and runs away lives to fight another day.

"He stirs up sedition and preaches a holy war. South of Khartum, the whole country suddenly bristles with arms. There's war and rumours of war. The little regiment is wiped out. They describe it in a half column this time, with a dramatic summary of some officer's gallantry.

"After a month of reverses, the Government wakes up, and a regiment or two is ordered out to be blooded. That, Harry, is precisely what is going to happen over that little dust-up with a few fanatical tribesmen, that we read about in the papers just now in the three-line Reuter's messages. I mean, in short, that——"

"My Regiment may be ordered out. I may have to go, eh?"

Harry Verde spoke heavily.

"Good Lord, boy!" Perriston exclaimed, involuntarily springing to his feet. "Don't you know that that's a thing that should send you mad with joy, if you're worthy of the name of a soldier? And you're talking as if it was something to be miserable about!"

Harry Verde looked up, and his lip was trembling.

"It will be hard," he said, "damned hard to leave all this."

He looked round the room and then at the portrait of a girl by the mantel.

"And her," he added. He stood up and laid his hand on his friend's shoulder. "It was last night," he said; "we walked down to the summer-house after dinner. Perhaps I was a fool, but, Jack, old boy, I asked her——"

"Gad! I thought you were only boy and girl."

"So did I. But somehow, last nig… thing seemed more serious. I asked her ——"

"What did she say?" Perriston f… thing tingling in his veins. Th… should wrest away from him just what … self wanted!

"She said 'Yes.' And you're glad for … sake, aren't you, Jack? Damn it, that's … makes me curse myself for being such a … little idiot, when you would lead me … I told her I'd chuck gambling and play… fool. Truth is, I'm in a mess already… Jack, I'm a cad to have asked her. … exactly playing the game, was it?"

The clock on the mantelpiece chimed the … hour. The two men stood silent.

Suddenly Harry Verde crossed over to the … of the room and turned the handle softly.

"What the deuce——" Perriston began.

"S-sh!" from Harry. He stood listening … a moment, and tiptoed softly into the … the foot of the broad old stairway. The … of a door sounded plainly from the landing. … Perriston heard the boy's voice half whisper…

"Edith," he called softly, "Edith! wait … another five minutes. Jack's still in the … room. He'll be gone in a minute, and … coast 'll be clear. Just another five minutes …"

Harry entered the room again and closed … door softly. His face was white and drawn. …

"You see?" he remarked to Perriston, … stood smoking by the mantelpiece.

Perriston nodded.

"You've said nothing to old Cottar, I … pose?"

"No." Harry Verde threw himself into … arm-chair and gazed disconsolately at his … "It's no use," he said, "and, Jack, you … think I'm blind and young—but——"

"You'll tell him to-morrow, Harry," … Perriston turned away to hide the pain that … knew must show on his face—"or I will … you. I'll say I knew your father and that you … straight, boy. You say you're in a mess. … It's not more than I can help you to square … boy!"

"You are a brick, Jack, but I *told* you … wasn't blind. It's the very essence of your … ing the game. And yet why should you … when——"

"Because I promised your father that I'd … you right. That's enough, Harry. … stand. No more playing the fool. … got——"

"Yes, I know what I've got—Edith, … you'd square things for me for another reason … greater than your promise to my father—for … sake, because you want her to have as good … man as you would be to her. Gad!—… think I don't know it!"

Perriston saw nothing. Only the tick-tock … the clock disturbed the tense silence. … Verde rose and, crossing over to him, … his hand.

"Old friend," he said slowly, "she'll be … a minute from now. I'll go. You speak to … and tell her what I can't—that I'm not … "Don't be a young fool. You stay, and … you have to say, say with confidence and … man! I'll see things are right with you, … boy. Tell her that in future your way is … that you're going to play the straight game. … Now, buck up, old chap—and good night … God bless you!"

Perriston closed the door softly behind … A moment later it was opened again.

"Ah, Harry!"

* * * * *

The next evening the bachelor company … Camiston Hall smoked after dinner cigars … the dining-room. In Verde's pocket was a … ment which he had scanned that morning … a brave smile.

"Boys"—Jack Perriston raised his glass … gave you the toast of our friend here, … Verde, who leaves to-morrow with his Regiment … for the Soudan!"

# WHY MEN GO TO THE DEVIL.

A CONSIDERATION OF FACTS.

, wine, and horses—these have been
ed as the main causes of a man's going
evil, and no doubt one or other of the
at the bottom of most men's downfall.
ard to women, however, it is a curious
it is not only bad women who send
he dogs. Of course, if a man mistakes
man for a good one, he is going to get
aybe irretrievably so, but as a rule men
ake fools of themselves over women
ey know to be worthless.
nd, good women (so-called, at
nt many a man to the devil. When
nity, a little sympathy would have
soul, they have held aloof, in-
forgiveness, inexorably demanding
n weak man can give.
, an ordinary sinful, backsliding man,
h a woman, and it is hell for him. She
e none of him. Touch me not, is her
cleanse yourself before you dare to
ar me, her command.
s all right, but the man tries and fails,
ead of sympathy, encouragement, un-
, he gets cold looks and stinging
He is made to feel that he is something
or her consideration; often he comes
nclusion that she is right, abandons the
and sinks to wallow in the mire.
Again, of course, drink will drag a
n quicker than most vices, but often a
es to drink *after* he has to all intents
ooses gone to the devil, that is, after he
e up his mind that it is no use striving
ggling and trying to live cleanly.
imes a man arrives at that hopeless
for re- s which cannot but excite our
h a case. He was a street
he was very obviously drink-
eath. In the course of various
rned the reason why.
had an only daughter, a motherless
m he idolised. The little one loved
ings for her daddy, and one day he sent
the re-
baccy.

sat at the open window awaiting her
heard the rattle of a heavy van, a
shriek of agony, and then a great
hubbub. A deadly fear gripped
and his forebodings were justified.
had been run over and killed on the

ie him up; with nothing left to live
his point of view, he abandoned long
self-control, lost his music-hall en-
nts—he was a well-known performer in
and more or less deliberately set out to
with public-house brandy.
intolerably cruel and unfair, often
man to the devil and drink.
—gambling in general—often ruin
But after all, it does not follow that be-
man has lost his money, he must go
d. To some men ruin means salvation;
l themselves together and set out to
rtified and equipped with dear-

ivin now, because he knows, by
and not from mere hearsay,
doesn't pay and isn't worth
ing this, he is a stronger man.
that sends many a man to blazes.
cheating at cards or in some other
he feels that he can never re-
f in the eyes of men, and he
an effort to do so.
ually a man ruins himself for the best
ives; he assumes the guilt of a near and
, he sacrifices himself to shield the
of a woman. In the eyes of the world
s to the devil, but I believe that more
e is on his way to God. H. REID.

A TERRITORIAL INCIDENT.

# A NIGHT MANŒUVRE.

Ever since we went under canvas on the Plain, we had been made to understand that a great gulf separated day work and night work, and that only in night manœuvres could the Territorial be really and thoroughly tested.

For obvious reasons I will not specify to which body we belonged. Suffice it that we were, and are, Territorials, the majority of us quite new to the art and science, to say nothing of the practice, of military service.

Some of us, myself included, were beginning to think we were finished soldiers after ten days of strenuous work in vile weather, under actual active service conditions.

Our nerves were in tune. We no longer jumped out of our shoes when an unexpected fire was opened close to us; the terrific detonation of the field guns was no longer subject for remark.

**OUR TASK.**

So when the order went round that we were to take an important part in some night fighting we were all agog with keenness.

The special work we had to accomplish was to occupy a high down on our left front, in order to be there when the enemy approached, and so keep them from occupying it. Had they secured it they would have commanded a second road along which to travel.

While we held it this was impossible, and the enemy would be compelled to use but one road, with a corresponding loss of strategical advantage. They would be congested and bottled up, and unable to bring more than a portion of their forces into action at one time.

We were to start at nightfall; and were given two hours in which to reach and occupy this point, which was something like five miles from our base.

**THE START.**

Night fell and we started. Never shall I forget that march. We were impressed with the necessity of absolute silence, as we were uncertain of the rate at which our enemy was moving, and we might come within earshot of their advance parties and so "give our own game away."

Gaily we strode in good order out of our camp, swinging along with confidence over the familiar home ground. We were about to show what we could do, and we were bursting with enthusiasm.

It was when we were a mile or so from our starting point, and on ground less familiar, that our troubles began.

Outwardly all was order and efficiency, but within the heart of each one of us there began to rise a strange feeling of uncertainty. The darkness tended to bewilder us, the unfamiliar ground seemed the very roughest we had ever trod. We could not see our way for more than a yard ahead, and the dark outlines of the tree clumps and the scattered shrubs on the rolling downs put all sorts of ridiculous ideas of ambushes and traps into our heads.

Silently, to himself, each of us was admitting that there was some disturbing and uncanny influence at work. We edged nearer to each other.

The silence imposed upon us was the greatest drawback. Could we have spoken or sung, we should have broken the spell.

**NERVOUS WORK.**

Perspiration streamed down our faces, and our tension was not improved by the strained but hoarse whispers of our officers, trying to keep us level-headed, and at the same time trying to show us what asses we were making of ourselves by rolling about in such confusion.

When a hare got up in front of us we started as if we had fallen into the hands of an overwhelming force.

And still the dun outline of our goal seemed as far off as ever. Time was getting short, and the race for the important hill might be won by the enemy, unless we were soon on the spot and ready to repel attack.

The more we tried to hasten, the more we stumbled and sweated and cursed, but at length we found ourselves at the last dip before we began the ascent of the hill.

There was no time to rally here, and on we went, making many a mad, blind dash at the stream that circled round the base of the hill.

Rifles clattered, as their possessors scrambled out and up the opposite bank.

**THE FATAL SHOT.**

Then steadily up we climbed in a silence that was horrible.

"Who the devil is that?" breathed an officer in fierce rage, as, in this last advance, some one, either from panic or accident, loosed off and proclaimed our position.

We started as if shot—started to a man, and the marvel is that nobody else followed suit and blazed into the darkness.

The echo of that shot never seemed to die. It echoed to and fro in the hills like some mocking voice accusing us, one and all, of failure.

And the silence that followed it seemed worse. Had we been forestalled? For all the answer that came, we were not, and even this was cause for uneasiness.

Step by step we climbed upwards, confidence slowly returning as each moment brought us nearer to our goal.

Some of us were quite elated, and had broken into a last final double, our intervals lost, and rifles carried anyhow, when——

Of a sudden the hill-top seemed ablaze with fire.

From a treble line all round the summit streamed the never-ceasing flash of rifle fire.

The very hill seemed to explode with the incessant rattle of the defenders' fire.

At that moment the moon appeared from behind a cloud and betrayed our every movement on the bare hill-side.

**WIPED OUT!**

How we cursed our luck! We sank to the ground with a horrible, sickening sense of failure, and could only return the weakest, ill-ordered reply to the perfect roar from the top of the hill.

We were beaten—badly, utterly beaten, and within ten minutes we were declared to be officially wiped out and no longer able to offer resistance.

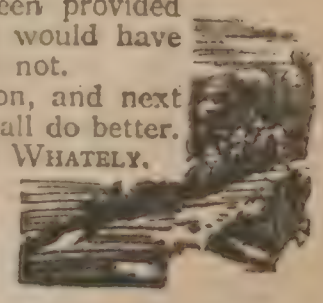
Then we recalled the remark of an old soldier who had declared that "night work plays the very devil with young soldiers."

We had smiled then. But now——

I firmly believe that had we been provided with ball cartridge not one of us would have returned alive. Certainly I should not.

But we learned an excellent lesson, and next time we are on night service we shall do better.

J. F. WHATELY.



# THE SPORTSMAN.

### A STUDY.

He's only a working chap—a groom, to be exact—but he's a sportsman, if ever one breathed.

His age, if I remember what he told me, is twenty-three. In some ways he looks more than that; in some, less. He has muscle enough for thirty, and his face is strong, with plenty of width in the jaw, and a stiff upper lip; but his eyes are as frank and innocent as a kid's.

When he shakes hands with you he does it; no blooming courtesy kind of game, but a grip that tells you there's muscle in the arm above that hand, and a heart behind it all.

When he smiles—and very little makes him do that—you see two rows of white, strong teeth that mean health.

Health and heartiness are the things he's full of, and probably that is why we all like him, because when you speak to him you seem to get some of both from him.

Week days he wears the clothes of his business, and there are some of us who envy him for them, because they seem so sensible and serviceable, besides setting off his physique. But on Sundays, when some of us, free for a day to dress as we like, put on breeches and leggings, we always find him in a trouser suit, and the trousers are not even narrow; he also is taking a change in the matter of get-up.

I know him pretty well, because he is in the same harrier club as I am. You won't find anybody readier than he is to give a beginner the straight tip, or to drop behind when we're out for a run and hearten up some new chap who's finding the pace a bit stiff.

He's the sort of chap who'd do anything for anybody else. He seems to find pleasure in being kind.

It's a sort of hobby with him.

He has any amount of energy, and does lots of things that you'd hardly think he'd find time for, but he never brags about them. It was a long time, for instance, till we knew that he was in the local Yeomanry.

When we learned that, a good many of us wanted to join, too, because if the other chaps in the Yeomanry were good enough for him, they would do all right for us.

We got hold of him singly, and asked him all about the conditions and cost and that, and he told us. What's more, he said we'd better know a bit about riding before we joined, and he gave us the tip when he'd be exercising his governor's horses and promised to mount us and put us up to the ropes. He did it too.

I knew him to be fine as a runner, but as a horseman I saw he was something extra.

He likes the horses he has to look after—I believe he even loves them. Their coats shine in the light, and you can see their skin shimmering above their eyes as their muscles work when they munch their corn; he spends hours, even of the time that is supposed to be his own, in polishing them up.

For all that, he can be hard enough when a horse plays games with him, and I have seen him break a riding whip over the neck of one that tried to throw him.

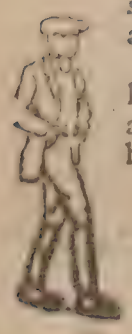
When we got the Yeomanry fever on us, he became the centre of our attention, for we reverenced him as a man who knew all about what we were only going to learn.

He got more attention in the club-house than any of the officials did—even the captain, who was a crack runner. But our Yeoman, groom and sportsman didn't put on one scrap of side, though most men would when everybody hung on his words as we did.

There isn't an atom of swank about him. He walks in a careless kind of way, with his hands stuck in his breeches pockets, but his movements are easy and his carriage fine for all that.

He is an Englishman right through, true to himself, staunch to a pal, open as the day, kind as a woman, firm when necessary—in one word, he is a sportsman.

A. NORTH.



# MY NOTEBOOK.

**WHAT WOULD HAPPEN?**

As you know, of course, I do my little bit in supporting the Territorial movement, and I am proud to know that I have been the means of recruiting a large number of men for the various units throughout the country.

Our critics are never tired of saying that in the event of war the Territorial force would be found wholly inefficient. Personally I beg to differ.

The other Sunday morning I was sitting with a friend on the end of Yarmouth pier. We had been discussing various Regimental matters, and at last he said: "Do you think we shall ever have an attempt at invasion?"

I looked up the coast and down the coast, at the long miles of sand which afford such an ideal and tempting landing place, and I ventured my opinion that it was quite possible that we might some day have to face an invader.

"I wonder what our chaps would do," said my friend, "if we were actually called out for the real thing? I know I should be in the bluest of blue funks."

---

**WHY DO MEN ENLIST?**

I expect that if the Territorial force were mobilised, we should all feel a bit funky just to begin with, and I admitted as much to my friend.

"I wonder," he continued, "whether there is one man in all the force who has enlisted with any idea of having to take part in actual fighting? I know it was the uniform, and that alone, that made me join."

Once again I believe that my philosophic friend is right or nearly so.

The uniform, the pleasure of meeting other fellows of your own age, and the general hearty atmosphere of a Territorial regiment have been, I imagine, much stronger inducements with the majority of us than any idea of fighting.

But, at the same time, in justice to the force and incidentally to myself as a member of it, I believe that there is not a man amongst all the Territorials who would back out or make excuses if a mobilisation were to take place.

We have joined, perhaps, for other things than fighting, but we have been trained so that we know how to fight if the need arose. The fighting instinct which is to be found in every Briton, would send the blood dancing through us and make us mad to get at 'em. Every other man in the country would feel the same, but the difference would be that, though his spirit was willing, he would not have the necessary equipment or training.

Let those who like scoff at the Territorials; the day may come when they will be not only the safeguards but the idols of their country.

---

**READERS WHO CALL TO SEE ME.**

Very many readers have now given me the pleasure of a personal visit; in fact, I think I have had the honour of meeting at least one from most of the large towns throughout the country.

The provincial reader has formed certain ideas as to the type of man who provides him with his favourite paper, and on paying a visit to London he makes my office one of his places of call.

Some have written in advance to ask whether I would see them; others have just blown in.

Of course, I am very glad to make an appointment with a reader in advance, for it may save him a fruitless errand, as sometimes I am called away on business; but whether you write beforehand or whether you don't, I can assure you that I shall be most happy to see you if you care to look me up. My office is in the Strand, directly opposite the Gladstone Statue, so that you will have no difficulty in finding it.

I have just one small request to make, and that is, that you will not come on Tuesdays or Wednesdays, as these are my busiest days, and on them the time at my disposal is too limited to enable me to have a chat of any length.

**CAMP PHOTOS.**

Many Territorial [illegible] camps during the early [illegible] but the London units and [illegible] the provincial are now under canvas.

If it is your happy lot to be one of [illegible] forget me when the photographer comes [illegible] and produces the picture post-cards that [illegible] will proudly send to your best girl and your [illegible] pals.

Include me amongst the latter, like a good chap. I am very keen on Territorial photos [illegible] want one of every regiment.

---

**PASSING IT ON.**

I have already thanked my readers for their kindness in recommending the paper and for helping me to improve it by means of an increased circulation. That I have already improved it, I think you will admit.

It is amusing, however, to learn how some of my readers, with the best intentions in the world, consistently continue to deprive me of new buyers.

"When I have finished with THE MODERN MAN," writes a Birmingham reader, "I pass it on to my brother in Coventry, generally on the Thursday night. He sends it to a friend of his who is in a bank in Glasgow, and from there it is sent to Kimberley, so you see that your paper travels a good many thousands of miles, and you have at least one reader in South Africa."

As for my having one reader in South Africa, it may interest my correspondent and my other supporters to know that I have many thousands of actual buyers and not mere readers throughout all the British possessions. One of my subscribers is in the Royal Scots Fusiliers and is at present at a telegraph station just over the Indian Frontier; his address is Yatung, Thibet. I have another subscriber in Mexico, and others in various places in each of the Colonies. Besides the many copies which we post direct to subscribers abroad, I also sell a large number to the Colonial agents who see to the stocking of the newsagents' shops in Britain Overseas.

My Colonial trade, therefore, is already on a firm basis, and the paper is to be had wherever a few English-speaking people are gathered together.

That, however, is a side issue, and my point is this: by passing the paper on in this manner my reader is not doing me or his friends any good.

He has to put a penny stamp on the wrapper when he sends it—for THE MODERN MAN, being a newspaper, cannot go for a halfpenny except to Canada—and his brother has to put another penny in posting it to his friend in Glasgow. Each is paying a penny for the paper, and nobody is reaping the benefit of it except the Post Office. If each would buy a paper himself, I should have an increased circulation of at least two copies without any additional cost to my friends.

---

**EXCUSE MY CANDOUR.**

I am putting this matter before you candidly, because I feel that if you want to help me, and I hope you do, it is as well that I should give you the straight tip as to the best way for doing so.

Pass the paper on, by all means—in fact, I shall be extremely obliged to you for doing so—but do not pass it on to the same person more than once.

If he likes it well enough and wants it regularly let him buy it; that will do me a bit of good, whereas the copy that is passed on brings me in not one farthing more of revenue.

Do not suppose that I am greedy for money, as a matter of fact, my friends say that I am careless of it—but I do want to have as large a circulation as possible in order that I may make the paper still nearer to my ideal; and remember that circulation is reckoned, not by the number who peruse the paper, but by the number sold.

YOUR EDITOR.

*Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.*

# A VILLAGE COMEDY.

## A TALE OF AN ALARM.

...was a small-pox scare in our village. ...pened thus.

Widow Pinson, who kept the all sorts ...took in lodgers. They also might be de... as all sorts. Harvesters, navvies, or ...rdinary tramps—she was not particular ...g as they could pay.

...said that money talked.

...re she ... ...ated them was not clear, ... highly respectable grocer had been ... unseemly jokes at her expense; ... he held the opinion that the ... shop among the eatables, ... not native to the cabbages ... to be found in support of his ...

...ion to housing casuals, Mrs. Pinson ...had two or three permanent men lodgers ...for," as she expressed it: the postman ...rter and a young man from the ...r's up the High Street.

...Mrs. Pinson's luck would have it, at about ...ne there were alterations being made on ...e, and a good many navvies were em... ...and the widow was full up.

...postman was provided with a bed-fellow, ...the young man from the butcher's, but ...was still the porter with half a bed to ...And so when a stranger and wayfarer ...in our village, the widow took him in.

... ... ...mmate fell sick and became ...it was imperative that the village ...should be summoned. He came, and he ...the widow on one side, speaking in whis... ...but the name of the sanitary inspector ...ne to the listening ears of the customers, ...pallor overspread the widow's face, and ...ctor departed.

... highly respectable and high-priced grocer ... on with interest, warning his regular ...ers against the risk of infection.

... ... ...ast the doctor came back, accompanied by ...ajesty of the ... ... ...in the person of the sani... ... village policeman. The ... ... ...force order by boxing the ears ... ...rching urchins who were carrying ... ...ut to stare in at the window.

... the doctor and the inspector reminded ...other that they must not shirk their duty, ...ally, very reluctantly, they went upstairs. ...n they came down, the fiat went forth. ... was solemnly warned as to the ... would incur if she dared sell any... ... of the shop or allowed anyone to enter ... the house.

... village ... ... ...

# Rapid Physical Development

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by
F. G. MITCHELL, M.A.

## THE VALUE OF FLANNEL.

Flannel has always been the material in which the athlete prefers to clothe himself. The cricketer or tennis player wears shirt and trousers of white flannel, and the rowing blue wears clothing entirely of this material while he is in training for the Boat Race.

Also it has naturally commended itself to all who in the course of work or recreation take violent exercise of any kind, and is worn by the labourer and factory worker as well as by the soldier and athlete.

What are the advantages of flannel which have won it such widespread popularity?

The principal one is that it is suited to the vagaries of our English climate, being at once cool in summer, and warm in winter.

Wool, of which flannel is largely composed, is one of the best materials to be worn next the skin. The secret of the value of woollen underclothing lies in its poor conducting properties.

In summer it does not conduct to the body the greater heat of the atmosphere; in winter it retains the heat of the body better than other materials, which would conduct it to the atmosphere.

Cotton and linen, on the other hand, though often donned in preference to wool in hot weather, afford no protection against the heat of the outside atmosphere.

For this reason it is preferable, when the heat is oppressive, to sleep under a single blanket than a single sheet. Most people refuse to believe that the blanket is cooler, until they have tried it, but of the fact there is no doubt.

Flannel, as I have said in a previous number, is the ideal clothing for the culturist and for all athletes, but it is important to see that it is good flannel, and not flannelette or some such material, which contains no wool, and is also dangerously inflammable.

## A BENDING EXERCISE.

Stand at attention, and raise the arms slowly until they are extended horizontally in front of the body, with the back of the hands upwards.

Now, keeping the arms rigid, sink slowly upon the heels, forcing the body down as far as possible.

You will probably experience some slight difficulty at first in keeping your balance—more so than in the similar exercise where the hands are placed on the hips, and the head and shoulders thrown back—but this is soon overcome.

Useful to those who want to increase their height.

Keep the head up, and do not let it sink between the arms.

Pause for a second when you have reached the lowest possible point, and then begin to rise slowly to the perpendicular, keeping the arms extended until you rise on tiptoe.

Then when you have stretched yourself to your fullest height, drop smartly on the heels, at the same time letting the hands fall to the sides.

When you have got back to the "easy" position, rest for a moment, and then repeat the exercise.

The whole thing must be done slowly, and you must tense every muscle. Five repetitions will be sufficient at one time.

This exercise is an excellent one for all the leg joints, and is to be recommended to those who wish to do what they can to increase their height.

## REGULARITY AND HEALTH.

The average soldier is a proverbially healthy person, and there is no doubt that his health is largely due to the regularity of the life he leads.

Many young fellows to-day pay all too little attention to the regularity of their lives. Unfortunately the result of this neglect does not usually become apparent at once, but the health is undermined, and breaks down in after life, owing to the strain that was put upon it in youth.

Late nights, meals at irregular times and of varying amounts, lack of regular exercise and so on, may not make their effects felt at the time, but they will combine to ruin the health before old age is reached.

It is worth while, therefore, before it is too late, to try to regulate your mode of living and to subject yourself to a kind of military discipline.

Do not put your pleasures, or even if it can be avoided, your work, before the importance of having your meals always at the same time, and of going to bed and rising at a reasonable hour, and taking regular exercise.

When you were at school, you probably did these things under compulsion, and if you cast your memory back to those days, you will probably remember that you were better in health then than now.

Why? Simply because you lived a regular well-ordered life, and it is the very basis of physical culture to endeavour to keep it up as far as possible when you come to years of discretion and can choose for yourself.

## FOR THIGHS AND ABDOMEN.

Lie at full length on the back, and stretch the arms to their fullest extent beyond the head, so that the hands lie flat on the floor with the palms upwards.

Draw the legs up until they are in the position shown in the sketch, the feet being parallel and touching and not pointed outwards.

Now raise the lower part of the legs slowly from the knee, keeping both feet still together and the arms still flat on the ground.

A hard exercise.

Breathe easily throughout the exercise, in order to avoid any internal strain.

The thigh muscles and those of the abdomen are those chiefly developed.

It is a most important thing that the upper part of the leg should remain in absolutely the same position throughout, and that the knees are not allowed to drop as the feet are raised.

The legs should be held in this raised position while you count ten slowly, and then lowered very gradually to the ground, when the feet will again be drawn up, and the process repeated.

## CRAMP.

An occasional attack of cramp is a thing to which we are all liable, even in the best of health, but if it becomes at all frequent, it should be a warning that a rest for the muscles affected is necessary.

It is the earliest sign of the exhaustion of the nerve centres, and affects especially those who use the same muscles for prolonged periods—for instance, telegraphists, writers, violinists, pianists and dancers.

"Writer's cramp" affects the forefinger and thumb especially, and makes it absolutely essential to give up writing for a time. Those who are subject to this form of cramp should, if possible, take to a typewriter, or failing that, learn to write with their left hand, so as to be able to relieve the right.

It is best prevented by writing more from the elbow and shoulder and less from the fingers.

Massage is the best remedy for all forms of cramp, and should be applied as soon as the spasm is felt. It is also often useful as a preventive, if cramp is anticipated.

I have known several instances of it [illegible] men who had just swung themselves [illegible] saddle on horseback. The cause of its [illegible] one at that precise moment I cannot [illegible] but I have suffered myself in that way, and seen others do so.

## A GOOD RESISTANCE EXERCISE.

This exercise combines the benefits to the system of muscular resistance and of a breathing exercise.

Stand erect with the heels together. Lock the hands by interlacing the fingers naturally behind the small of the back.

Splendid for the arms and lungs.

Now take a deep breath, inflating the lungs and drawing in the abdomen, at the same time throwing the head well back and assuming as upright a position as possible.

Twist the hands round—they will only go one way—until the knuckles are uppermost and the palms facing the ground, the fingers still being interlocked.

Force the shoulders together and the hands downwards and [illegible] back of the thighs as much as [illegible] Tense the arm muscles, which, however, will already be to some extent in a state of strain owing to their being twisted.

Remain in this position as long as the breath holds, taking care, of course, not to strain yourself unnecessarily.


# Weak Hearts Made Strong.

THE GREAT PHYSICAL CULTURE EXPERIMENT of 1908.

In connection with my demonstration made at the [illegible] last year (in which I cured by Weight Lifting three cases of dilated heart, heart strain, and heart weakness), a book has now been written by the selected trio—Messrs. Massey, Mitchell and Evans—upon whom the experiment was made.

This work should be in the hands of EVERY PHYSICAL CULTURIST, and particularly in the hands of those interested in weight lifting. A limited edition has been published at

**6d. PER COPY,**

but to introduce the work I have arranged to send out [illegible]

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to *bona-fide* applicants for the booklet describing the course under which the trio trained.

If you have had the book referred to—"A [illegible] TO STRENGTH," then please forward 7d. [illegible] not fill in the form below. The free offer, it must be understood, is only for those who have not had "A QUICK ROUTE TO STRENGTH."

APPLICATION FORM.

I am a reader of "MODERN MAN" and wish to take advantage of your new book—"WEAK HEARTS MADE STRONG"—and to forward me this together with "A QUICK ROUTE TO STRENGTH" describing your Advanced Course, with terms.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

T. INCH, Physical Culture Expert (Dept. M.M.)
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**Send (or call) for this Helpful Gift Book by a Patient and His Doctor, who Jointly Discovered a Remarkable 8-Hour Cure which Re-opens Nasal Air-Passages, Banishes Catarrhal Conditions of Head, Nose, Ears, Throat and Bronchial Tubes, and Greatly Strengthens the Chest and Lungs.**

### NO OPERATIONS—NO CAUTERISING—NO SPRAYS —NO LOZENGES—NO EMULSIONS—NO "COUGH MIXTURES"—CURES BY AUTOMATIC RESPIRATORY RE-EDUCATION.

It is the hearty desire of the discoverers of the [illegible] that all who suffer from the above com- [illegible] should write (or call) for a gratis copy of [illegible] have just published under the title [illegible]piratory Re-Education: The Physiological [illegible] for Catarrh, Adenoids, and other Nose- [illegible] Difficulties and Chest and Lung [illegible].

The book advocates in a most plain-spoken [illegible] a truly common-sense method of cure of a [illegible] of complaint which has hitherto defied all [illegible] of treatment.

The cure is remarkable inasmuch as it calls for [illegible] sprays or injections—no powders to be snuffed [illegible]—and no painful cauterising (burn- [illegible] inflamed mucous membrane of the nasal [illegible].

The cure is further remarkable *as it cures entirely during sleep*. Every reader afflicted [illegible] knows how this hitherto incurable [illegible] prevents proper breathing. The nose is [illegible] to do its duty of filtering, moistening and [illegible]ming the air, and the *mouth* is called upon to [illegible] the work *as well as it can*.

[illegible] result of this *extra* duty of the mouth, the [illegible] becomes inefficient and shallow, and [illegible] head and chest colds are "caught" be- [illegible] the improper reception of the cold air. [illegible] of course, is intended to (1) warm as [illegible] filter and (2) moisten the intaken air.) [illegible] passages—by disuse—become more [illegible] obstructed, causing adenoids, polypi, and [illegible] or enlarged tonsils, which in the past [illegible] generally had to be operated upon by the [illegible].

The falling back down the throat, or on to the [illegible] of the tongue, of the poisonous, evil-smelling, [illegible] as matter causes offensive breath and a [illegible] in the mouth.

The hearing generally becomes affected, the [illegible] feels hot, and the eyes dry, with reactionary [illegible] of acrid watery discharge from eyes and nose, [illegible]ially in [illegible]geable weather.

[illegible] of smell and taste become seriously [illegible].

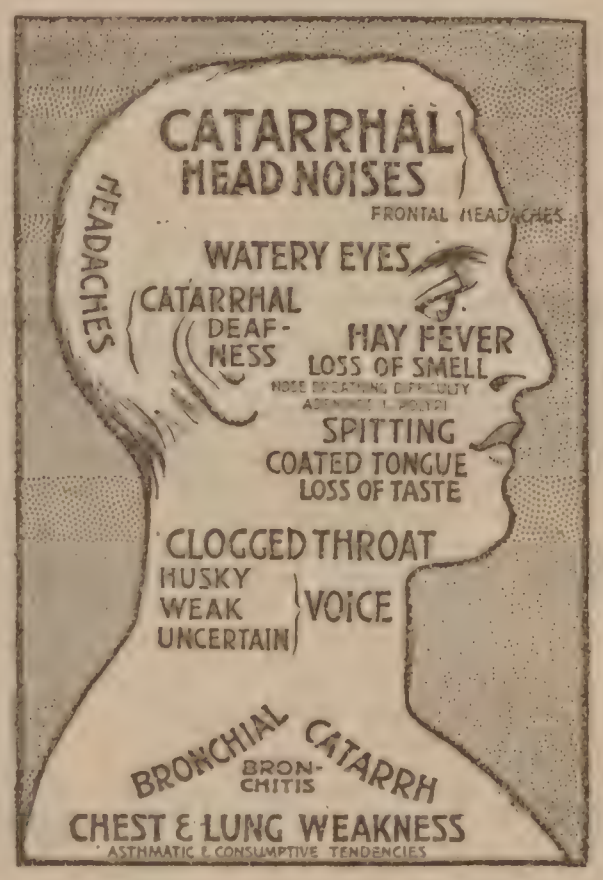
The mouth-breathing is handicapped by [illegible]ion of catarrhal matter in the bron- [illegible] and lungs. This catarrhal matter [illegible] a fine culture, or breeding-ground, for the [illegible]uenza germ. Catarrh invites Influenza. The [illegible]-Catarrh-free and those who breath properly through [illegible] noses do not cultivate the Influenza germ.

[illegible]er, the pent-up catarrhal slime often gets [illegible] stomach, the liver, kidneys, and bladder, [illegible] interfering with their functional ability, [illegible]quently giving rise to catarrh of the [illegible]. The joint authors of the discovery—as [illegible] of a fruitless quest for relief and cure— [illegible] experiment along the line of "The [illegible]" the nose and its respiratory [illegible].

[illegible] it was who made the first enlighten- [illegible]. A singer, he accidentally discovered [illegible] *could be temporarily freed.*

Upon this first-step discovery has been built an anatomical-physiological cure, the details of which are given fully (and illustrated) in the book, which can be obtained by sending a penny stamp for its postage, or by calling.

Immediately the method of cure described by the book is applied, there is striking evidence of its curative powers. It is, as one man put it, like coming into the fresh air out of a stiflingly close atmosphere.




**This outspoken Book explains how to employ Nature's Chief Medicine—Air—to conquer all the above conditions of bodily inefficiency. This Presentation Book will be read with the deepest interest by all who are logically-minded. "Respiratory Re-Education" is the principle it advocates and explains in full detail, and with the aid of unusually clear diagrams, maps, and plates.**

The new cure quickly relieves, and in Nature's good time cures, because it increases the individual's air supply. First it reopens and expands the partly-closed air-passages and cavities. Thus, it prepares the way for the intake of the larger supply of air absolutely necessary to catarrh freedom.

Thus, your breathing function is perfected; thus, too, does the 10 to 40 per cent. enlarged air capacity of your body ensure the elimination of the catarrhal secretions. Thus, too, by the reopening of the air-passages are unnatural growths made to disappear.

*And it is this greatly increased inflow of fresh and properly filtered, warmed and moistened air that is so powerful to cure catarrh, adenoids, and other nose-breathing difficulties.* Inflowing with all the 15lb. to the square-inch pressure of the outside atmosphere, the closed-in—because more or less disused—nasal air-passages and cavities expand to their natural size and air-supplying capacity. The fresh air is in itself powerfully Anti-Catarrhal in effect.

Undoubtedly a most powerful factor in the success of the new cure is the fact that it may be employed *during the whole of the night* without discomfort or any inconvenience. This all-night period of treatment contrasts strongly with the mere two or three minutes of treatment with the now obsolete spraying methods.

Lennox Browne, F.R.S.E., Senior Surgeon to the Central London Throat and Ear Hospital, etc., says: "Opinion is each day becoming more indisputable that in the condition of the nasal fossæ, which constitute the first avenues of the natural breathway, is to be found the key to the right understanding and successful treatment of the majority of faucial, pharyngeal, and laryngeal diseases."

The success of the new treatment is immediately obvious to all who try it.

In one night the nose, ears, tongue, and throat give every evidence of the good work of the cure.

In one week the nose and mouth both cease to discharge catarrhal matter. The brain, eyes, ears, and nose feel clear, the mouth and throat clean and sweet, and the taste and smell become as keen as ever.

The book explanatory of the new cure contains some most remarkable illustrations, which help to make strikingly clear the common-sense principle upon which the new cure is founded, and which cure, be it noted, is, by all who have looked into the matter, expected to vastly decrease the number of painful and costly operations hitherto considered to afford the only chance of cure of nasal obstructions and inflamed membrane.

### ANOTHER 25,000 FREE BOOKS

The aim of the compilers of the book has been to thoroughly inform sufferers as to the cause and method of cure of their complaint. All who study the book will readily agree with this. As will be seen in the book, the method of the new cure is as delightfully simple as it is effective in its results, and now is the best time of year when the cure can be most easily and quickly effected.

In the book is explained how to stop :—

- Nasty Dropping in the Throat.
- Head Stuffiness.
- Nose Stuffiness.
- Throat Dryness.
- Loss of Smell.
- Spitting of Thick Phlegm.
- Discharge from Nose.
- Loss of Taste, or Offensive Taste in Mouth.
- Weak Chest and Lungs.
- Catarrhal (Coated) Tongue.
- Catarrhal Deafness.
- Gurgling in Ears.
- Snapping Noises in Ears.
- Bad Breath.
- Voice Troubles.
- Physical and Mental Dulness Arising from Respiratory Inefficiency.
- Asthmatic and Consumptive Tendencies.

An edition of 25,000 copies of the book has been published for *free distribution*, and all who wish to quickly cure catarrh, adenoids, or other nose-breathing trouble, catarrhal deafness or head noises, or asthmatic or consumptive tendencies arising from chest or lung weakness, should send (or call) for a copy. A penny stamp should be sent to defray postage. The address from which the free copies of the book may be obtained is —The Publishers, "Respiratory Re-Education," 80, Rhycol Buildings, 130, Fleet St., London, E.C.

# BIRLEY'S PHOSPHORUS

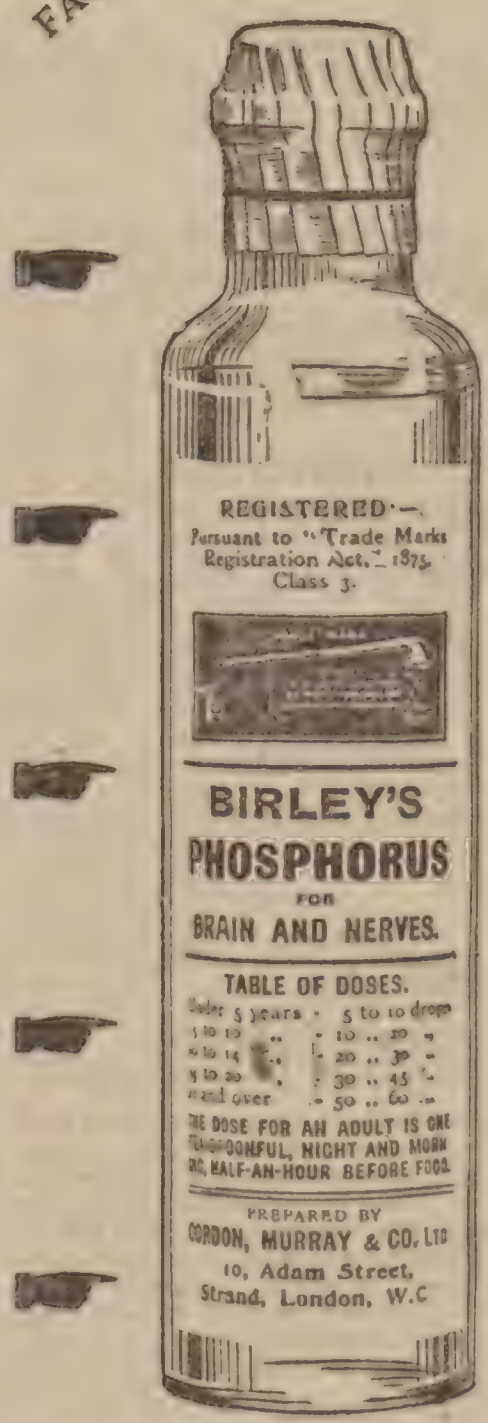
# Try it One Week—FREE!

**Over 100,000 Free Trial Bottles already distributed.**

**If YOU suffer from any Nerve Complaint, however trivial or severe, we ask you to try BIRLEY'S PHOSPHORUS at our expense.**

The demand for BIRLEY'S PHOSPHORUS is growing by leaps and bounds.

FACSIMILE OF FREE BOTTLE


REGISTERED—
Pursuant to "Trade Marks Registration Act," 1875.
Class 3.
BIRLEY'S
PHOSPHORUS
FOR
BRAIN AND NERVES.
TABLE OF DOSES.
Under 5 years - 5 to 10 drops
5 to 10 .. - 10 .. 20 ..
10 to 14 .. - 20 .. 30 ..
14 to 20 .. - 30 .. 45 ..
and over - 50 .. 60 ..
THE DOSE FOR AN ADULT IS ONE TEASPOONFUL, NIGHT AND MORN ING, HALF-AN-HOUR BEFORE FOOD.
PREPARED BY
GORDON, MURRAY & CO. Ltd
10, Adam Street,
Strand, London, W.C

The intrinsic merits of BIRLEY'S PHOSPHORUS are winning for it life-long friends.

## STRONG HEALTHY NERVES

produce perfect activity of every organ of the body. Men and Women with debilitated nerves have every bodily organ in bad working order. This means general ill-health, with turns of wretched and miserable despondency.

BIRLEY'S PHOSPHORUS is the true rational method whereby Strong, Healthy Nerves can be secured. By its incomparable aid you EAT BETTER, SLEEP BETTER, WORK BETTER—EVERYTHING IS BETTER—the Brain, Heart, Liver, Kidneys, Lungs, Digestion, and Bowels, all work to perfection under the guidance and influence of the vigorous active current of nerve force produced by BIRLEY'S PHOSPHORUS.

**We cannot offer better PROOF than to give you the opportunity of testing this remedy FREE. Actions speak louder than words, and we rely on the intrinsic MERITS of BIRLEY'S PHOSPHORUS to make it the WORLD-WIDE REMEDY for ALL NERVOUS TROUBLES.**

## SIGNS OF NERVE TROUBLE.

The symptoms of a debilitated nervous system are legion, and under this heading we have a whole host of neurotic complaints:

| | |
|---|---|
| BRAIN FAG, | NAUSEA, |
| NEURALGIA, | LOSS OF MEMORY, |
| HEADACHE, | FAINTNESS, |
| SLEEPLESSNESS, | ST. VITUS' DANCE, |
| NERVOUS INDIGESTION, | TREMBLING, |
| PALPITATION, | VERTIGO or GIDDINESS, |
| HYSTERIA, | PRESSURE in the HEAD, |
| NEURITIS, | SINKING SENSATIONS, |

and in addition the somewhat **Vague and Undefined Nervous Conditions** (yet real and distressing to the patient) of

### NEURASTHENIA, viz.:

| | |
|---|---|
| OVER-SENSITIVENESS, | IRRITABILITY, |
| LASSITUDE, | RESTLESSNESS, |
| ILL-TEMPER, | MELANCHOLIA, |
| VAGUE FEARS, | MOROSENESS, and |
| DESPONDENCY or DEPRESSION, | GENERAL NERVOUS DEBILITY and |
| MORBID FOREBODINGS, | MENTAL EXHAUSTION, |

with inability to concentrate the mind. Each and every one of these distressing conditions can, however, be made to yield to and disappear under the direct influence of Birley's Phosphorus.

# Cures all Nerve Complaints.

**Remember:**—Worry, anxiety, overwork, and heavy responsibilities all oppress and debilitate the nervous system and pave the way for all manner of complaints. Birley's Phosphorus should here be allowed to give its incomparable aid. It invigorates, sustains, strengthens, and fortifies the nervous system.

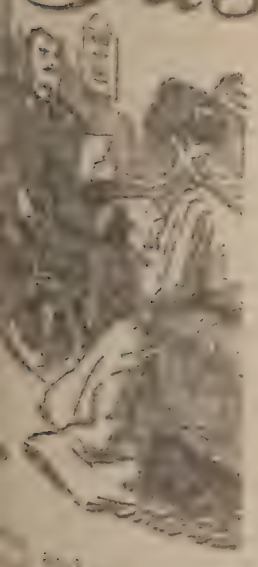
As a reviver during stress of extra business and overwork it is invaluable, for it quickens and enriches the brain and nerves that bear the strain. You will be wise to fill in the coupon and secure a FREE Trial Bottle of this magnificent nerve restorative without delay.

**SEND THIS COUPON (D.X. 27) TO-DAY**

to Gordon, Murray and Co., Ltd., 10, Adam Street, Strand, London, W.C., with Four Penny Stamps to cover Parcel Postage, Packing and Despatching, and the generous-sized Trial Bottle of Birley's Phosphorus, as illustrated above (containing a Week's Supply), will be forwarded by return. Also pamphlet explaining how Phosphorus acts on the system. ONE Trial Bottle *only* to each applicant. Trial Bottles cannot be sent abroad.

**Birley's Phosphorus is obtainable of all Chemists, etc., 1s. 1½d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d.**

# Business is Business



A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

R. A. MACNAUGHTEN.

## UNPLEASANTNESS.

Business is no treat. We do it in order to make money and not for our enjoyment.

It will have occurred to you that there are lots of men who become miserable as soon as they retire from busi-

and you might bring up their case in con-
sition to the statement I have made.
To them business has not become more plea-
nt than to anybody else, but they have dropped
into a routine which makes the business life
to their existence.

though I hold that business is not plea-
I maintain that it can be robbed of
its unpleasantness.

bring to mind several men who regard
thing that is unpleasant as being beneficial,
t because mealities are bitter; and so they
up to their offices an hour before anybody
they stop after everyone else has gone.
early and late hours are distinctly unplea-
and in most cases, though not in all, they
to serve a useful purpose.

nerally when a man puts in long hours at
office, he wastes a large portion of them.
ad of working hard from nine till six, he
to his office at eight and works till eight
ne in the evening, but almost invariably he
hours in the middle of the day, for
limits to the output of the human

recall within your list of personal
ances a man who keeps long office
think you will admit that I am right.
is but one example to show that putting
self to inconvenience is not necessarily of
it in business.

roughout my own business career, I have
favoured to have as pleasant a time as pos-
le, and I have succeeded fairly well in getting

e of the things that makes for pleasantness
's daily work is politeness, which, as
body has said, is the oil which makes the
l wheels run smoothly. To say that it costs
hing is to utter a trite remark, but though
olutely inexpensive, it makes for pleasant-
s whether it comes from the employer or the
ployee.

the
of an office is polite, he generally
for all the others, and the work is
as pleasantly as may be. If, on
nd, the chief is boorish, his ill-
sed on by each subordinate in turn
the office boy and finally the office

m on lines like these becomes a
es, where each is anxious to score
nbour, and each is striving hard to
ant safely.

antness on the part of employees is
able, both in their own interests and
of their employer.

office boy may set the lady typist's
ige, thus affecting her work and
r chief when it comes to the time
ign the letters.

ees imagine that to be polite is to
and that by being as nearly rude as
are they are maintaining their self-respect.
y are only proving their lack of common-
and they are making the day's labours
hotter for themselves than they need.

To turn again from the employee to the employer, there are many heads of businesses who permit themselves to suffer greatly at the hands of bores and other troublesome visitors. Generally this unpleasantness can be readily avoided without any loss whatsoever to the business.

There are few men who can afford to refuse an interview to anyone who asks for it in the usual manner, for there is no telling when business may be coming one's way, and it often comes from the most unexpected sources; but it is not these casual visitors who are unpleasant, for the first interview with any man is of some interest. It is when the casual visitor becomes habitual that he gets to be a nuisance. He drops in with what he calls "propositions," and, if you are polite to him, he will eventually drop in just because he happened to be passing.

In a case like this, politeness must go by the board, for its usefulness has ceased.

Do not tolerate such unpleasantness as the visits of bores will give you, but let it be understood plainly that you do not wish to see a man if that is how you feel.

The whole essence and text of my argument is that one should, as far as possible, gratify one's inclinations in the matter of business and thus make it as light a task as it can be made.

Review your own daily work and see whether you are not suffering some little bit of unpleasantness that could be readily avoided. In most cases it can.

### ADVERTISING.

If you have something to sell and you contemplate arousing the public interest in it by means of advertising, your first consideration should be to get an eye-catching picture, preferably of a humorous character, the point of the joke having something to do with your wares.

The kind of thing I mean is the sort of work that is turned out by the poster artists whose creations may be seen on any hoarding.

Reproductions of posters, and line drawings generally, are now being used much more extensively than they used to be in newspaper advertising, but I am convinced that they should be employed further still.

A famous poster artist charges about £50 for turning out a really bright picture with a good idea attached to it; but if you are advertising on a modest scale and do not wish to spend much money, you should think out the idea for yourself and get a less well-known artist to execute it for you.

You can get a sketch by a very good man—provided you give him the idea—for half-a-guinea.

Be sure that the artist you employ is a good one, for a bad drawing—and there are very many of them used in advertising to-day—is painful to look at, and it does you not the slightest good.

As to the letterpress which is to go with the picture, let it be as brief as possible, and have it of that crisp order where every word counts.

Avoid American expressions and idioms, for, though they are advocated by many of the advertising schools at the present time, they are distasteful to the ear of the average Britisher and are therefore less useful to you as a means of pulling business than ordinary sound English phraseology.

As for type, do not worry about that at all.

Mark those words which you wish to be set in heavy type, those which you wish set in rather lighter type, but still heavier than the rest of the letterpress, and put in any other directions as to rules and ornaments that you may desire, but leave the selection of the type itself to the printer.

Most large firms now keep many different founts of display type for advertisements, but it may happen that they do not have just the one which you name.

Leaving the selection of type to the printer is by far the best plan. Generally he produces something better than you could have thought of, for the value of type and its arrangement is his business. If on seeing the proof you do not like it, it will then be time to name the type.

### SERVILITY.

I have noticed in certain offices where I have done business, that there is a distinct air of servility amongst the employees. This is generally encouraged, if not enforced, by the vanity of the employer who, they imagine, likes to see people crawling around him instead of carrying themselves with respect.

As a matter of fact, however, no employer cares to be truckled to; he wants politeness—but he also wants strength.

The ideal employee is he who, while maintaining his self-respect and manliness, is yet deferential to his chief, and attentive to all instructions. It is the man of that type who gets promotion and increased screw.

### TAKING CORRECTION.

In the course of my dealings with different employees, I have observed much difference in the way in which they accept correction.

Take, as an example, the lady typist. It is inevitable that in transcribing her shorthand notes she will at times make errors, for there are necessarily some points concerning your business which she does not quite understand, and you use some technical terms which she may misinterpret. It is therefore necessary for you, when you discover such errors, to point them out to her, for only by doing so can you make her more useful to herself and you.

It is most foolish for an employer to be continually fault-finding; if he is actually discovering faults at every turn, his remedy is to seek other assistance.

But it is just as foolish for him to say nothing about those errors which have been committed not through carelessness but through lack of knowledge, for it is in your own interests to impart this knowledge.

From the typist's point of view, everything depends on how she accepts the correction. Some typists listen to you with an intelligent interest which shows that they appreciate what you are telling them, and when you have finished they simply thank you and get on with their work; it is typists of this kind who do not make the same error again.

There are other typists who make it as uncomfortable as possible for you when you correct them. They look awkward and stammer various excuses, and generally make you feel a brute.

You remember having corrected a girl of that type, because every time you do so it is a painful experience, but you never remember correcting a girl who takes it well; she accepts the correction as a matter of business, and you do not put the error down to her discredit.

### ABUSE OF OVERTIME.

I am sorry to say that it is not the universal custom for a clerical staff to be paid for the time they have spent in an office after 6 o'clock, and this is one of the things that the Clerks' Union is sticking out for.

It is unfortunate, however, that where overtime is paid there are also abuses, but this time it is on the part of the employees.

I remember in the old days when I was an employee myself, how one of my fellow clerks would say when he was hard up: "I must slack a bit so as to leave something to do after six. I must get tea money or I shall not be able to pay for the train home."

This sort of thing comes out sooner or later, and all too often it leads to the stopping of overtime money to the whole staff indiscriminately.

The remedy lies in the hands of the employees themselves, and the man who is known to slack during the day in order that he may earn overtime at night, should be warned by his fellows and, painful as it may be, he should be reported if he persists in the practice.

# Richard Selby: Englishman

By ADAM STERN.

EACH OF THESE STORIES IS COMPLETE IN ITSELF.

## XXIII. THE BLACK HORROR.

A subdued, prolonged rumbling sounded through the air, somewhat akin to the far distant mutter of thunder.

Richard swept his eyes over the heavens, searching for signs of the coming storm, but they were clear and void of cloud.

It was a late afternoon in August. The slanting rays of the sun came through the smoke-laden air, red and baleful; the atmosphere was hot.

At either side of the path he was on, were grey mounds, refuse from the coal pits round about, and from these mounds thin lines of smoke curled upwards in the lazy air.

Everywhere was cheerless.

To the right, on the crest of a rise, the wooden framework supporting the cage-winch of a pit stood out black and stark against the evening sky.

Up and down the rise travelled little trucks on narrow lines, some of them piled high with coal, some empty. They looked diminutive, toy-like, but, in keeping with everything else, depressingly dirty.

Towards these things Richard only directed a passing glance. They were familiar from childhood, the foreground of what had been in the early days a similarly ugly life.

He had thrown off the scarring shackles of that first environment now, and he felt them again only at rare moments when his mind was unemployed, susceptible to impressions.

When, as at present, he was busily engrossed in commercial matters, the unsightliness went unheeded.

He was striding along towards Moulden at a rapid pace, anxious to get back to the works, where much work awaited him, and soon he was among the first dilapidated cottages on the outskirts of the town.

Again came that sullen rumbling, sustained, rising and falling like a diapason, and again, instinctively, Richard's eyes turned towards the sky. As with most lovers of nature, he took a sombre pleasure in the battle of the heavens. The dome above him, save for the mist of smoke, was empty.

And suddenly he stopped dead.

Perfectly still, his muscles arrested in their action, only his eyelids blinking with his swift thoughts, he listened.

Once more it came. A deep, subterrestrial growling, menacing, mysterious, terrible.

"Great heavens!" he said to himself. "What is it? It surely can't be——"

And abruptly he started to run.

Down several contracted streets he sped in silence, his eyes strained. And as abruptly he halted.

A man came speeding down a side street, and the expression upon his face was what Richard's had been, only intensely more so, a blighting terror like a silent shriek.

"Oh, Christ!" he was sobbing, and Richard caught and held him.

"What's up? What is it, man?" he asked, shaking him.

"The mine!"

The man jabbered and gesticulated towards the way he had come.

"Yes, yes! What's wrong? An explosion in the mine? Which one? Man, can't you speak?"

"Yes, an explosion! We was gooin' down. We was at the bottom. An' then"—his eyes roved wildly; he groaned and covered his face—"then the flame! A mad sweep o' fire on us! We turned an' ran. They got us up." He was jabbering again now. I'm gooin' 'ome," he said piteously.

Richard shook him again.

Evidently panic had so overwhelmed him that he did not know what he was doing or saying. He was merely obeying a blind impulse to seek safety, to shut out remembrance of a horror.

"Which mine?" said Richard, and he cuffed the man in the anger of his impatience.

But by now the street was alive with people, men with appalled faces, women venting fear in shrill voices.

"The Tame Mine's afire!" he heard, and releasing the man with an oath Richard sped off.

Once before in his life he had become acquainted with what a mine disaster meant. Albert Gunning, the manager of this one was a friend of his, and Albert Gunning lay at home on a bed of sickness.

He was at the scene of the tragedy almost immediately, but already a dense crowd had gathered about the offices, principally women—women rending the air with frenzied questions, women searching every face with maddened eyes.

He got through the incoherent crowd at last, through the packed offices where loud and excited talk made hearing impossible, and forced his way into the manager's office.

There he saw a sight which explained the panic.

The deputy-manager was in a chair cowering from the rage-inflamed faces of the men who stood over him, and he was crying like a woman.

His control had vanished before the strain. He was unequal to the crisis, unable to give orders, helpless to undertake what was so imperative and urgent—to discover the extent of the damage and the number of men who were still underground.

Everybody seemed to have the sudden terror of the heart which made them impotent.

"What are you all here for?" shouted Richard in a voice which rose above the din. "Leave that snivelling swine alone! We can do without such as him."

All turned and faced him with gasping relief.

They wanted a lead, that was all, and then the stern intrepidity of the Englishman would assert itself again.

"It's Richard Selby," said a voice, and an old man with a body like a gnarled oak came up to him quickly.

With one accord all trooped out after him and Richard, leaving the deputy-manager alone.

At the outer door a young white-faced clerk met them and attempted to enter. Richard gripped him and questioned him hurriedly, savagely.

A pent-up hush fell upon the crowd. Then a single wailing cry broke from a woman who had caught an expression of despair upon the face of the old man standing by Richard.

"Twenty-two missing," he said, and all heard it.

Then arose pitiful cries from the women for "Names, names!" There was another spell of purposeless struggling, and at last the men who knew what to do and were willing to do it, got together and moved swiftly away.

"Is it working all right?" said Richard, alluding to the cage, as they stood on the lip of the smoking shaft and peered into its obscure depths.

"Ah, but it's sudden death to go down afore the fire-damp's cleared. But there's another shaft we might try at the other side."

"Come on, then! We must try that. Somebody for the respirator masks."

Silently they all hurried to the second shaft, and then ensued a conference between the men who had had life-long experience of the mine as to the chance of descent with any hope of reaching the bottom alive.

The pit now was still and dead, as if in penetrating its evil design it had itself committed suicide.

"We'll have a try," said the old man, and there was not one present who did not instantly step forward to volunteer. "Not you," said Richard. "There's enough without," and, insisting, Richard moved back. The situation was distressing enough without him making a nuisance of himself by insisting.

Half-a-dozen men, their faces screened with masks, entered the cage, and slowly, very slowly, it sank from view.

Barely half-way down the signal for ascent was given. They reported further descent impossible until the fire-damp and heat had abated, which meant hideous hours of waiting, while imagination worked desperately to believe that the men entombed below might yet escape.

Just then there was an interruption.

A small man whose face was twisted with suffering and pallid with illness, arrived on the scene. Albert Gunning had left his bed to do what he could for his fellow-men.

"Thank God!" said Richard, and a few words sufficed to tell him the situation.

Without a word the manager affixed a mask to his face and stepped towards the cage. Ignoring the attempt to prevent him, Richard followed. Albert Gunning saw, understood, but said nothing. One strong man had recognised another.

"Lower us as far as the first seam," ordered the manager quietly. "No, two of us are enough."

Then came the sickly, revolving sensation of descent, the solid gloom of the cage broken only by the faint diffusion of light from the lamps they carried.

The heat became stifling. Still in silence they went down and down.

Richard groped for the side of the cage and leaned against it to prevent himself from collapsing. The black form of his companion stood rigid as a rock. His was the extreme type of endurance which will can often compel when the body is sick.

Still down and down.

Richard felt life revolting in his chest after this cruel attack on it, but he preserved a grim silence. At the base of his skull it seemed as though a red-hot screw were being twisted into it. He could stand it no longer; his consciousness was spinning madly on a giddy wheel—and then—a grinding jar and a reversion of motion. Gunning had given the signal for ascent.

They shot up to light and air, shuddering with weakness. Anxious men surrounded them, clamouring for information. The manager shook his head.

"We shall have to wait," he said in a dry whisper, and the men fell back, stricken-faced, silenced.

* * * * *

Night came on. Richard, finding inactivity intolerable, had gone off to his works and back again. Police were now regulating the crowd. A small knot of women stood, their dumbness more dreadful than articulate agony.

The state of affairs, if anything, was worse than before. Albert Gunning, the manager, had collapsed, and now lay on an extemporised bed in his office with a doctor in attendance. Several men had refused to be moved. [illegible] had been made to descend the mine [illegible] and most of the men were exhausted.

The only hopeful sign was that the mine had cleared, proving that the mine was not on combustion; but the explosion had released fire-damp in almost inexhaustible quantities, so that unless the men below had been prisoned by

...must be already dead. Even ...that contingency, they were doomed, ...ss rapid rescue could be effected. Richard found Gunning raging against his ...sness.

...keep coming to say they can't get ...," he said, his voice weak, but his eyes re...ling indomitability. "They can. They must. ...h, if I could only get up!"

"All right," said Richard, as the doctor laid ...restraining hand upon his patient. "I'm ...ng to do my best, the same as the others." He was calm, but unnaturally pale. He had passed the women, and he had heard their ...ers. All he had come to Gunning for now ...advice.

"There's only one chance," the manager told ..."If they're in the west lower seam, as ...e of the men say they were, that's the part ...thest from the explosion, and they may be ...ve."

This was enough. Richard went out and ...the silent men.

"...want single chaps," he said; "you'll ...why," and those present knew that ...attempt was to be made.

...willing, but the wisdom of Richard's ... was manifest when wives and ...ing appealingly to those who were ...fathers.

...one young fellow who shook off his ...art and struck her across the face with ...open hand.

"...have me a coward?" he said ...and for answer the girl stepped up to ...and kissed his lips. Verily, the heart of a ...man is strange!

Then came again that dread fall into the black ...wels of the earth, the overpowering heat, the ...sting breath, and, at last, the jolt that told ...the bottom of the shaft. They had ...in safety.

...their lamps, everywhere was impene...om. One of the men, familiar with the ...ed the way, treading warily. The others ...d in single file and soon all were crouch... as they moved slowly along a low, narrow ...e. Now and again they had to climb ...n overturned truck. Clearly the force of ...on had been felt here as elsewhere.

...reached danger more threatening ...at had gone before. The passage ...ains loose lumps of coal. The roof ...and at any moment might give ...lding them.

...d with mad speed, hastening back ...low the trucks, so as to utilise them for ...of the debris.

...m amid horror. Not one that ...t death every moment, not one that ...

...and farther they worked in, until ...ed a solid wall.

...r hearts quickened. Someone tapped ..., and all listened, breath held, the ...ly strained for sound, again, ...! But silence.

"...passage this side?" asked ...

...d uncannily, mockingly. One ...nes, nerves stretched to break... a long hysterical laugh which ...in a whinnying cry. Its effect was ... Distinctly they heard a faint ...

..." said somebody. "*Listen!*"

...silence they stood again, motion...

...true! The knocking came once more! ...ir comrades were alive!

...ahead of them.

...somebody spoke, thanking God even ...swung his pick.

...long immersion in a gas-charged ...ere was telling upon them, despite the ...and the heat was making perspiration ...in streams.

...thought of danger had vanished. Their ...were almost superhuman, virilised by the ...saving their unfortunate fellows. Even while strength waned they toiled on, as loth to leave this perilous spot as though it was an Arcady of beauty.

And suddenly, without hint or warning, two of the six sank down. Dropping their picks, the others raised them up and started off down the passage to the cage.

They had waited too long. A stumble and a thud, and two more had gone.

"The lamp!"

The words were panic-stricken, and with chilled blood Richard realised what it would mean if in a fall one of the lamps were broken.

Only himself and the man who had spoken now remained, and both stood still for a moment, appalled by the immensity of their difficulties. The cage was invisible and they could not tell how far it might be away. To leave their comrades here meant certain death for them. Yet to delay would be fatal.

Only for a moment did they hesitate; then dauntlessly, defiantly, they set to work. They picked up the inert, loose body of the nearest man and staggered onwards.

The cage was reached. They dropped their burden, stood with limp and swinging arms as the determination of the brain fought the weakness of the body—and returned.

For Richard, time divided itself into moments with vast dark gulfs of emptiness between each one. Beating wings of blackness seemed to carry him over, and once he all but fell. Recovering, he found that he was carrying a dreadful load of heaviness up the interminable mountain of Despair. Behind him followed another, dragging something wearily onwards.

They were two human souls delving in eremitic darkness, condemned to toil eternally to and fro, and praying for relief—relief not for self, but for some mysterious Others who deserved not this punishment.

And at last it was over.

They were travelling upwards, their task performed.

Richard's companion was senseless when rough yet gentle hands lifted him out. But Richard, aware as from a great distance that something still had to be done, something more imperative than all, gasped out:

"Down there—the men—alive—knocking."

* * * * * * *

And ere the night was over he had descended again to assist in the work of rescue.

[*Another of these stories will appear next week.*—ED.]

# THE FAST LIFE.

## THE FASCINATION OF SPEED.

As a means of progression the legs have fallen into disrepute and man is quite dissatisfied with the pace at which Nature intended him to move.

Speed is the permanent craze of the human race, and in its attainment life itself loses its value, sacrificed to the great desire to move swiftly.

The craze for rapid motion exists entirely apart from the needs of business or pleasure. It is an end in itself, for the attainment of which almost infinite money has been spent and is today being spent.

Human beings seem to hold no other object in such universal esteem. From the cradle to the grave we spend our time record-breaking.

It is delightfully amusing to watch mankind trying, according to its means, to force the pace. The street arab with his one borrowed or stolen roller skate tied to the remnants of a boot with string, puts himself to endless exertion with the other leg for the sake of a little extra speed.

He loves to clatter over the pavement, his imagination working at pressure and leading him to believe he is some express.

His distant cousin the smart roller-skater whirls to and fro across the rink, immensely pleased because he has found an easy and (sometimes) a graceful means of rapid motion.

It is the craze for speed that sends a man to his bicycle whenever he has an hour to spare. He loves to feel the air roaring past his ears, and to see out of the corners of his eyes the hedges trailing away behind.

And when he finds a long steep hill he sets his jaw and grasps his handle for a desperate plunge, revelling in the race.

The scenery, the exercise, the science and the wonder of the art of cycling, are nothing to him. With flowing hair he faces the rushing wind and longs for an eternity of hills.

The ice skater is a victim to the same desire, and perhaps of all the forms of speed, the skater's is the most alluring.

There is a lightness and an ease in every movement. Thought and will translate themselves almost unconsciously into action.

The skater turns this way and that, and wheels and strikes ahead with infinite enjoyment.

His movement on the ice is so regular and even that he hardly seems to move at all, even when at his highest speed, and so he urges forward, longing for the lightning's darting pace.

The motor-car exhibits in another form this fever. No man has ever grasped the wheel and faced the beckoning road without an ill-restrained desire to get the utmost from his engines.

Men have spent their lives and made their fortunes trying to devise the locomotive engine that will beat the record, if only by an extra mile an hour.

The iron horses already scorn the limit of a mile a minute as an old-time feat.

Millions are sunk in battleships that shall outrun their rivals.

And what is it but the desire to find some new and swifter means of movement that inspires the flying men with such reckless enterprise? The craze for speed lies at the root of all these enterprises.

No man has yet defined the lure of speed. To sail with little trouble through the air as in a rudderless balloon, to glide without exertion over roads, or through the water, to feel the rush of air, to watch the earth's mad race behind one, has subtle attractions for the nerves of human beings; attractions that are subtler when the attendant danger is increased.

A sense of god-like power invades the heart, intoxicating all the senses, and banishing all fear.

The mind enlarges, seeing visions of a greater conquest over Nature's forces. A pace once reached will never satisfy again, and fiercer speeds must be attained.

The desire for speed is a desire of the senses, and its enjoyment is physical as well as mental.

And so the race goes on. The racer is a rake at heart. He and the other fellow who is "going to the devil" have this in common, that as they hear the wind go whistling past they are contented with its music and ask nothing else of life.

S. HIGNETT.

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# My Most Memorable Cricket Matches

SOME TEST MATCH ANECDOTES.

By ROBERT ABEL.

The reason the Australians always do so well is, it seems to me, because they have such a wonderful way of playing up at the right time. They never give in without a stubborn struggle, and both at home and abroad the history of the Test Matches discloses many fine fights.

It is just twenty years since I took part in my first Test Match at Lord's. Dr. W. G. Grace then led the side, and Barnes, Lohmann, Briggs and Peel were included. The opposition were led by P. S. McDonald, and included Bonnor, the mighty slasher; J. McCarthy Blackham, the greatest wicket-keeper I have ever seen; G. H. S. Trott, the man with the big laugh; A. C. Bannerman, king of stone-wallers; Sammy Woods; and Turner, the terror; with J. J. Ferriss.

We lost this match, and it was one of the most exciting that have taken place at Lord's. Two days was sufficient to finish it.

England only got 53, and Australia made 116. It was this lead that paved the way for the victory by 61 runs.

Lohmann and Peel bowled grandly for England, and the Cornstalks made 60. Turner and Ferris dismissed England for 62, of which W. G. made 24.

THE TABLES TURNED.

The tables, however, were turned at the Oval a month later, and England won by an innings and 137 runs. We had only one knock, but that produced over 300, of which my share was 70. Barnes, Briggs and Peel got rid of the other side for a total of 180 in the two innings.

In the third effort at Manchester it was a low scoring match, in which the 38 of Dr. W. G. Grace was the highest individual effort.

I still recall how in Australia's second innings McDonnell, Bannerman and Bonner were all out without a run being scored except a leg-bye, and six wickets were down for 7 runs. It was indeed an extraordinary collapse.

I was a member of the side taken out by Lord Sheffield to Australia, and in many ways it was an extraordinary tour. Dr. W. G. Grace captained the side, and the only member of the team playing to-day is A. E. Stoddart, who still plays a good deal of Club Cricket.

In the first Test Match the Australians, after looking much like a beaten side, won by 54 runs. The game lasted five days, and although the wicket was always first class, the highest individual contribution was only 57.

STONEWALL BANNERMAN.

The next match took place at Sydney. The Australians got rid of us for 145, and then scored 307. In the second attempt they made 391, and England wanted 230 to win.

In the first innings I carried my bat for 132, and the next best effort to mine was 28. For many years this was the only occasion it had been done in the Test Match.

Bannerman on that day stone-walled to perfection. G. Giffen, the G.O.M. of Australia, says: "I shall never forget the sight of the field crowded around him as he stone-walled. There was W. G. at point, almost on the point of his bat, Lohmann a couple of yards away at slip, Peel at silly-point, Stoddart only a dozen yards away at mid-off, and Briggs at silly mid-on."

One gentleman remarked that it reminded him of the famous painting, "Anguish," in which a bevy of crows are swarming round a dead lamb, over which the mother is watching.

A barracker once called out: "Look out, Alec, or W. G. will have his hand in your pocket." But Alec stone-walled on, imperturbably blocking the straight ones, sardonically smiling at the off-theory, and judiciously tapping a rare loose one to leg.

Suddenly he swished at an off-ball, and cut it past W. G.'s ear to the boundary, and then what a yell rent the air!

He was eventually caught by W. G. off Briggs, who had simply tossed the balls down slowly with as much twizzle as possible on them, in the hope that he might lead Alec to an indiscretion. But the Englishmen had to wait seven and a-half hours for that indiscretion! Truly, patience is a virtue. At Adelaide, however, the Australians were defeated.

In 1896 I took part in another good series of games. The side was led by G. H. S. Trott and was strong at all points.

Once again the game at Lord's provided a sensation. Trott's men went in first on a hard true pitch and Richardson and Lohmann dismissed the whole side for 53 runs. The former having 6 wickets for 39 and the latter 3 for 13. England replied with 292, and I had the honour of making the highest total, 94, while Dr. Grace made 66.

A GREAT TRIO.

But it was in the second innings of Australia that they made a marvellous recovery. Giffen, G. H. S. Trott and S. E. Gregory got together, and in a partnership which realised more than 200 runs set us a good many to win, which we ultimately did.

The next game took place at Manchester and here Trott's men gained a great victory by very stubborn play. They made more than 400 at the first effort and obtained a commanding lead.

It was here that Prince Ranji gave the greatest display of his career. However, we lost a great game by three wickets.

Whether at home or in England, our friends from the Commonwealth always put up a game struggle. It may be perhaps that they have no famous bowlers of outstanding merit like Spofforth, Turner, Ferris or Trumble, but recent Test Matches have proved that we have somewhat underrated the present side in this respect. They have still many able and capable batsmen, and have had ever since W. L. Murdoch, who perhaps was the greatest of them all.

## MEN'S BEAUTY SHOWS.

If it happens that a beauty show is being held at the seaside resort where you are spending your holidays, you should on no account miss going to see it, for it is an entertainment of the most mirth-provoking character.

Sometimes the members of the audience are asked to decide the winner by filling in coupons, but a more usual method is to secure a quicker decision by having a pretty actress or two to play the part of judges.

Whoever the judges are, the decision is usually very just, and on studying the results of a masculine beauty show, you will generally find that the prizes go to young working men and not to dandies, either local or imported.

It is with these dandies, however, that the audience gets the most fun.

Usually a screen is put up with a hole in the middle of it, through which each competitor has to poke his head.

Those who enter into the spirit of the thing and take it all as a joke, grin back merrily at the audience, but there are some who endeavour to emulate the actors whose photographs they have seen on picture post-cards, and, in spite of the shrieks of laughter on all hands, they contrive to keep their faces absolutely solemn and even austere.

Very often the beauty show has one special class to whom prizes are awarded for ugliness, and sometimes a man who has offered himself as a competitor for the beauty department is hustled, much against his will, into the ugly class and carries all honours before him, much to his disgust.

## RESULT OF FOURTH COMPETITION.

The amount sent in for the fourth competition was £1 10s. In accordance with the rules governing that particular contest, 15s. to Mr. W. E. Johnson, 22, Khartoum Road, Plaistow. (Man on cycle, chicken in way, chicken by its neck, 5s. to pay). The amount received is so small that if the second winner received a tenth of it, as originally intended, his prize would be 3s. less, that is, than the amount of a consolation prize. The Editor therefore uses his discretion and divides the remaining 15s. into three prizes of 5s. each, which go to Mr. Woodwark, 11, Broomfield Road, Headingley, Leeds; Mr. H. Aked, 5, Highbury Terrace, Dewsbury; Mr. C. Duncan, 30, [illegible] Grove, Edinburgh.


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## BRIEF REPLIES.

column the Editor, his staff and contributors, endeavour all inquiries of general interest. No fee whatsoever is Where a prompt reply is required a stamped addressed ould be enclosed.]

. (Canterbury).—Candidates for the must be between 19 and 27 years of age less than 5 ft. 9 ins. in height. You d much interesting information on the l police forces throughout the world in h number which can be ordered through agent, or obtained from our publishers, g Acre, W.C., for two penny stamps.

**F.** (Wellington, N.Z.).—Glad to hear u who are on the spot that none but prac-mers are wanted at the present time in aland. We said so ourselves some ago. Heartiest greetings to you and all r friends across the seas.

**RTAGNAN"** (Canning Town).—Service-ste for office or home use can be made ng a large spoonful of flour in half-a-water. Add half-an-ounce of alum to keep.

Bradford).—There is an art in stropping correctly and you would be well-advised barber to show you the proper method, impossible to describe it. In our second appears an article entitled "Shaving." of this number may still be obtained at e apiece from our publishers.

**G.** (Dublin).—It would hardly be the ing to wear one of your collar badges on d of your straw hat. If the band is of imental colours that should satisfy you, ou want a further reminder of your regi-get a lady friend to embroider the crest e ribbon.

Glasgow).—There is no reason why you eel in poor health at the age of 56, pro-ou look after yourself properly. As you be run down it will be far best for you doctor and have matters put right.

**S.** (Cardiff).—The fastening at the knees breeches is purely a matter of taste; there ng to choose between laces and buttons.

(Swindon).—Drop your idea of making by inventing things. Not more than one ndred of the inventions actually patented ng in money, and the patenting has cost

(Aberdeen).—Boxing gloves with elastic are the most convenient, as they are ut on and taken off. There is no need a fancy price; you can get as much sport a chamois set as out of the finest Cape h all the latest palm ventilators.

**T"** (Aylesbury).—Wear leggings for in if you want to. There's nothing odd uch a get-up; in fact they keep out the tter than stockings do, and, if you are in rain, leggings and your cycling cape a ample protection.

**P.** (Stirling).—Were you justified in otest? A man has no right to make com-while watching others playing billiards.

(Camberwell).—As you say, it costs a more to be an officer in certain corps does to be a trooper in certain others, he pace set is a fast one; but still the deserves credit for the extra time he de-his Territorial work—that is, if he does rly.

(Wolverhampton).—There is no founda-fact for the common prejudice against netal polish for the bright parts of your Providing the plating is of reasonably ality, and the polish free from grit, no ill result.

**B.** (Devonport).—Put a lump of common your horse's manger. He will lick it ats his food, and it is an excellent cor-of acidity in the equine stomach. Let lk be as big as both your hands, so that not swallow it.

(Barnstaple).—There's nothing the with you, old boy; you're sensitive, that's ou're a thorough good sportsman. Take td for it.

# WEEK-END GARDEN WORK

FOR THE MAN OF LIMITED LEISURE.

The man who possesses a garden, and who is also fortunate enough to get home at a reasonable hour every evening, can have as good a show of flowers as he likes; but there are other workers, less fortunately placed, who leave home too early in the morning to have time for any gardening and who get back when it is all but dark.

Gardening to them is a matter for the week-end only.

Saturday afternoon and evening is the time for the bulk of the week-end work, and even the athlete may very well deny himself the pleasure of his accustomed Saturday afternoon sport in order to put his garden to rights, for there are few exercises that brace the muscles so well as that which was first practised by Adam.

As for Sunday work, the strict Sabbatarian may condemn this absolutely, but the broader-minded man sees no harm in staking a plant or two and removing a few weeds before he sets off for church—always supposing that he goes there. He will confine his operations, however, to those of a silent kind, like the old man who was admonished by his spouse to use screws and not nails if he must repair his barrow on a Sunday.

The mowing of the grass, the clipping of the privet and the edges of the lawn, the nailing up of creepers and the pruning of the dead wood on the rose bushes—these things should be done on Saturday.

General tidiness has more to do with the appearance of a garden than anything else. There must be no weeds on the walks, no scraps of paper lying about on the borders, and no twigs upon the lawn.

The attention necessary for the upkeep of the walks will depend largely upon how they have been made. If they are hard beaten, you had better not disturb their surface, but if they have been made in the proper manner, with a good firm foundation and a layer of gravel above, you should rake them over each week-end with a short toothed rake. A well-raked walk and a trim lawn are to a garden what a trim collar and tie are to a man's face.

The week-end gardener will have many disappointments over the seeds that have failed to come up, and the spaces that remain unfilled in his borders.

You should fill these boldly by transplanting from some other part of the garden where there is abundance. At this time of the year, when all the plants are well grown, the transplanting must be done with the utmost care. Dig a large hole where you intend the plant to take root, and lift it from its present position with as much earth as possible adhering to the roots.

Do this on the Saturday afternoon when the heat of the day is past; water it well then and on the following day, and get some one to promise to water it again on the Monday.

This method of transplanting is certainly unorthodox, but it enables you to fill blanks at once, and if you lift plenty of earth with the roots, there is no need to fear disaster.

CHARLES TROTT.

## FAMOUS TERRITORIAL CORPS.

### XI. THE YEOMANRY OF LONDON.

The metropolis boasts four of the finest Yeomanry corps in the kingdom, which are recruited from the dwellers and workers in Greater London. Besides these, there is a fifth corps which is under the jurisdiction of the London County Association, though the name of the City does not occur in its title. That corps is the King's Colonials.

The one City unit, whose Hon. Col. is Lord Maitland, and whose C.O. is Lt.-Col. G. J. Scott, D.S.O., has been known for years as the Rough Riders, and they are proud of the name.

Their blue-grey uniform with purple facings—even their light cord riding-breeches are adorned with a purple stripe—is a common sight in the City on a Saturday afternoon, for the numbers considerably exceed the establishment of 449 men, and, as with all the London Yeomanry corps, a long waiting list is clamouring for admission.

The Rough Riders' headquarters are in the heart of the City, at the Guildhall. They sent a large contingent to South Africa, which earned them the right to bear the words "South Africa, 1900-02" on their badge.

The 1st County of London Yeomanry, commanded by Col. Lambert, have their headquarters at Rutland Yard, Knightsbridge, and therefore draw their members chiefly from the west of London.

The original title of the regiment was the Middlesex (Duke of Cambridge's Own Hussars) Yeomanry, and it dates back as far as 1830—long before even the Volunteer Acts came into being.

The corps has been over strength for almost a year. Its uniform is of sombre blue, the full dress kit being embellished with a plume of green.

The badge, which with the steel shoulder chains affords the only relief to the dark blue jumper, is an eight-pointed star bearing the Royal cipher and the motto "*Pro aris et focis*"—for hearth and home.

The regiment is naturally proud of the fact that it contains no third-class shots.

The 2nd County of London Yeomanry are better known to fame as the Westminster Dragoons. (Dragoons are heavy, and Hussars light cavalry.)

The corps, whose headquarters are in Elverton Street, Westminster, already numbers over 470 men, and the waiting list is enormous. The uniform of scarlet, with facings and plume of purple, no doubt has something to do with its popularity. It is one of the oldest Yeomanry corps in the country.

The 3rd County of London Yeomanry, or the Sharpshooters, have their headquarters at Gloucester Gate, Regent's Park, and have the advantage of having riding school and barracks close at hand.

Their full numbers, the strength being actually over 500, may also be partly due to the smart uniform of green, with green facings and busby-bag and white plume.

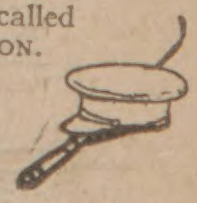
The King's Colonials are, like the H.A.C., in a somewhat peculiar position among Territorial regiments. It is recruited entirely from Colonial-born subjects.

The headquarters are at Fulham, but there is a squadron, administered by the London Association, at Liverpool, and a troop at Oxford, which the advent of the Colonial Rhodes Scholars has made an excellent recruiting ground.

The uniform of the corps, like that of the Surrey Yeomanry, also largely composed of Londoners, is drab with scarlet facings. The plume is black.

The men were recently asked on parade whether they were prepared to volunteer for foreign service. Every man did so, and the corps has now undertaken a liability to be called on to serve abroad.

H. H. WALTON.



A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

### KNITTED TIES.

A year or two ago the knitted tie was all the rage, and then for some unaccountable reason it went almost entirely out of fashion, giving place to the open-ended or spread-eagle tie of silk, or poplin or some such material.

Nowadays, however, there seem to be signs of its return to favour.

The self-coloured knitted tie is very little worn to-day, but a popular variant is a tie knitted of silk of two, or perhaps more, different colours, so that it has a "shot" appearance.

The knitted tie lends itself especially as a means of displaying club colours, especially where the club is a small one, and the demand for the colours is therefore not large.

To have the club colours made in silk for ties comes very expensive if only a small number is required, and a single tie will often cost 4s. 6d.

With a knitted tie, however, it is very little more expensive in proportion to make one than to make a quantity, as each is made separately instead of being cut from a large piece of woven silk.

This is a point worth the notice of club secretaries and founders, who wish to have club colours, but cannot guarantee a large demand for them.

The ideal plan, of course, is for each member to supply the obliging member of the fair sex to whom I have referred before on this page, and of whose services most men can avail themselves, with the requisite materials, and to suggest that she should knit your tie for you.

### MADE-UP TIES.

My advice to those who are thinking of getting a ready-made-up tie in order to save the trouble of tying a knot every morning, is the same as Mr. Punch's advice to those about to marry—"Don't."

It is true that you can get imitations nowadays, both of bows and sailor knots, which it is almost impossible to distinguish from the real article. But this makes matters all the worse if the sham does happen to be detected.

Every well-dressed man who can and does tie his own ties looks with a certain amount of contempt on one who cannot or does not take the trouble to do so.

I have heard a man quite seriously summed up as "the sort of man who would wear a made-up tie."

With a very little practice you can tie a bow just as quickly as you could put on a made-up one, and even a badly tied genuine bow looks better than one which is so perfect that it is obviously ready-made.

For the made-up sailor knot there is very little to be said, for the genuine article is so easy to tie. The only tolerable kind is made from an actual knot just stitched in place, so that the loose end can be run through.

If for one reason or another, however, you must wear a made-up bow, be especially careful at least to see that it looks like a genuine knot.

About half the evening dress ties sold to fasten with a buckle at the back have both the loops of the bow in front, and both the ends behind them.

It may be symmetrical and look nice, but just try tying a bow that way!

### PUTTING A SUIT AWAY.

There are right and wrong ways of putting a suit away after use. If it is properly done, the result should be almost as effective as if the suit had been pressed, while if it is done badly the resulting creases will be worse than if it had remained in use.

A suit should never be worn for more than two or three days consecutively, if it can be avoided. By alternating it with another suit, it is possible to fold each up and put it away long enough to get rid of the creases at elbow and knees.

It is essential, of course, to have a drawer long enough to take your coat without necessitating any cross-folding.

When folding the clothes be careful to stretch the cloth at the inside of the elbow and back of the knee, and put the suit away with the trousers at the bottom, the waistcoat next and the coat on top, for you do not wish to press the latter or to emphasise the crease down the back.

The waistcoat should be folded as flat as possible, but, like the coat, inside out, so that the cloth cannot be injured or stained in any way. The trousers may be kept in a press or underneath the mattress if a pronounced crease is desired.

If you happen to have a large enough wardrobe, you will naturally put your coats and waistcoats on "coat-hangers," and hang your trousers from a clip that grips the ends, for the hanging upside down will have as good an effect as pressing.

### SLEEPING KIT.

The old-fashioned night-shirt has died a natural death, and the pyjama suit, an importation like the puttee from the East, has taken its place.

In the matter of looks there is, of course, no comparison, and after all you never know when an outbreak of fire may drive you thus attired into the street, or whom you may meet on your journey to the bath.

For the camper, however, or the man who prefers to sleep out of doors in the summer, pyjamas are best replaced by flannel shirt and trousers.

These give greater warmth than any sleeping suit, and even in the hottest weather you require more clothing during the early hours of the morning than you would indoors.

Also the shirt and trousers fit more closely to the body, and you do not get chilled to the bone if you happen to kick the bedclothes off during the night.

Many old campaigners guard against the latter trouble by wearing a woollen sweater over their flannel shirts.

You will rarely find yourself too hot even with this amount of clothing on at night.

I need hardly say that the flannel shirt and trousers worn should *not* be those in use during the day.

### KHAKI SLACKS.

Many Territorial regiments have no nether garments served out to them with their service kit except the breeches or nondescript short trousers worn with puttees.

In camp, however, and at parades for lectures and more or less unofficial purposes throughout the year, it is often useful to have a pair of ordinary trousers which can be worn with the service jacket.

You don't always want to put on walking-out dress if you are only knocking about camp, and yet you may object to the sloppy appearance of flannel trousers.

The officer always has a pair of "khaki slacks" for fatigue work and so forth, and there is no reason why the N.C.O. or man should not provide himself with the same if he wishes to do so.

I have recently had a most excellent pair made to match my service jacket by a City tailor at the very moderate cost of 9s.

### TIE RINGS.

A new method of arranging the tie is always a thing to be desired, and though the plan of fixing it with a ring is rather old-fashioned than new, it is sufficiently uncommon to commend itself to the man who likes something a little unusual.

The old-fashioned plan of tying no knot at all but simply confining the two ends by a ring about the middle of the vest opening is most ugly, for the collar-stud becomes painfully obvious.

The tie ring, which has a small spike sticking up inside to keep it from slipping, is best restricted to use with a double collar.

The tie will then be tied in a single knot, like the preliminary to a bow, and drawn up close against the collar.

The two ends will then be passed through the ring, which will be brought up to within an inch or so of the collar; the upper end of the tie is pulled out slightly above the ring, so as to give the tie something of the appearance of a sailor knot.

A tie ring may be rather difficult to get nowadays, but even if you cannot get one ready-made from outfitter or jeweller, they can always be made to order, and I would suggest this as an excellent means of using a family ring which is not suitable to wear on your hand.

Many men possess rings which have belonged to some lost relative, and if they do not happen to be such as a man can well wear on his finger, they may often be converted at quite a small expense into tie rings.

### BUTTONS AND FLANNEL TROUSERS.

The usual thing to wear with white or grey flannels for any form of sport is, of course, a leather belt or a silk sash.

If you are going to take your coat off, for tennis, boating or what not, it is impossible to wear braces. At least it is most unsightly.

But there are occasions when one does not want to take one's coat off, but still may wish to flannel trousers. Then braces can be worn, and they are undoubtedly more comfortable and better capable of performing their function than a belt.

In order to be prepared for both methods of suspension, it is advisable to have the brace buttons sewn *inside* the waistband of your trousers.

In this way they do not show when the coat is taken off, and they are just as useful when attached to braces.

### MIS-USING GAUNTLET CUFFS.

The gauntlet cuffs which tailors are now fixing upon our lounge jackets, are not really of very much practical service. You can turn them down over your hands in stormy weather, but I doubt whether one wearer of gauntlet cuffs in a hundred would think of doing so. The gauntlet cuff is purely ornamental, and it should be left at that.

That it is really ornamental, few, I think will deny.

The gauntlet cuff is one of those little things that help to remove the general monotony of our clothes, so let us welcome it and adopt it.

Some men are wont to push into it their 'bus tickets, and I have even seen men who have used it as a receptacle for their handkerchief.

It is all right to put your 'bus ticket into your gauntlet cuff, provided you remember to remove it when you get off the 'bus, and the need for retaining it is done with; but too often one forgets to remove the ticket, and you will see men in the streets of London walking about with half a 'bus ticket protruding from the edge of their cuff.

This sort of thing looks very bad, and I strongly recommend you not to use your gauntlet cuffs for any utilitarian purpose. If you want to find a place for your handkerchief other than your pocket, push it up inside your [illegible] cuff.

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# Readers' Sale and Exchange.

All advertisements are subject to the revision of the Sales Editor, and the right is reserved of refusing to accept an advertisement without assigning a reason.

In replying to an advertisement with a box number, put your reply in a stamped envelope and write the box number on the top left-hand corner. Enclose this envelope in another, addressed to the Sales Editor, who will at once fill in the advertiser's address and forward it to him. If no reply is received, you must assume that the article has been already sold.

**In no case should a stamp be enclosed to an advertiser for reply; neither should payment be made to strangers without due caution. It is advisable to send money by a post-dated order, so that payment can be stopped if the article sent on approval is not satisfactory, or if the bargain is not completed.**

There are many things which you would like to sell. Make out a brief announcement, enclose with it a postal order reckoned at a penny a word, with a minimum of a shilling for any single advertisement, and post it to the Sales Editor, THE MODERN MAN, 67, Long Acre, London,

The Sales Editor does not hold himself responsible for any sales or exchanges arranged through these columns; neither goods nor payment for goods can be received at these offices.

## DRESS.

Wanted.—First-class Combined Trouser Presser and Stretcher; must be efficient stretcher and give well-defined, lasting crease; give description and price; approval; deposit.—Box 861, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Pair of Gentleman's Black Glace Boots (made to order); size about large nines, four fitting, pointed toes, unworn; will accept 10s. 6d. Approval on deposit.—Box 862, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Jacket Suit.—Best dark Scotch Tweed, nearly new; cost 80s., 17s. 6d.; man 5ft. 6in.; Frock Coat, good; 39-in. chest, 14s. 6d.; also Frock Coat, suit tall, thin man, 15s. 6d.; Trousers worth more.—Box 863, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Black Morning Coat, Vest.—New, 40-in. chest, 5ft. 9in. 75s., 22s. 6d.; Pyjamas, new, 8s. 6d.—Box 864, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Wanted.—Lounge Suit, good condition, latest fashion, 37-in. chest, 34-in. waist, 29-in. leg; no dealers; approval.—Box 865, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Bargain.—Gentleman's Black Dress Suit, good condition, shoulders 14in., sleeves 25in., waist 34in., legs 32½in.; price 14s. 6d. Approval; deposit.—Box 866, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

## SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

Sandow's Dumb-bells.—5 springs; as new; 5s. 6d.—Simson, 18, Elmwood Avenue, Belfast.

Wanted.—Ball-bearing Roller Skates; size 8; lowest quotation.—Edwards, 15, Water Street, Menai Bridge.

Sandow Developer and Chart, 8s.; 500 shot Daisy air rifle, 6s.; together 13s.—Box 855, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

For Sale.—Winslow's Adjustable Ball-bearing Skates; cost 16s. 6d. new; sacrifice 7s 6d.—Box 859, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

## PHYSICAL CULTURE

(See Inch's Advertisement, page 16).

## RIDING AND DRIVING.

Smart Light Dog-Cart, suit cob 13.2, 14.2; new lamps, whip, apron, £15; cart only, £12.—Box 868, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

## SADDLERY.

2 sets strong Harness.—Brass, fit 15 and 12 hands, 28s. and 20s. No approval.—Box 869, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Wanted.—Cheap secondhand Harness for cash or good exchange.—Box 870, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Wanted.—Saddle (man's), Bridle, also set single Harness, brown, for cob 14 hands, must be good condition, cheap; also head collar.—Box 871, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

## DOGS.

Red Setter Dog.—Good worker; sell cheaply, as owner leaving country.—Box 860, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

## EDUCATIONAL.

For Sale.—Copy Fistiana (1851); rare; good condition; reasonable price.—Box 858, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Cassell's Encyclopædia, 18 2s. parts; Cassell's Popular Educator, 32 6d. parts; latest edition; both new condition; what offers?—Frank Speller, Stonelea, Rye Park, Hoddesdon, Herts.

Five Pounds per Week and upwards earned by Advertisement Writers; prospectus post free.—(Dept. 38), Page-Davis Advertising School, 15, Oxford St., London, W.

Sloan-Duployan Shorthand.—Saves a year's study; learned in twelve easy lessons; used by Parliamentary Reporters at 250 words per minute. Interesting handbook free.—Shorthand Association, Grosvenor Road, London, N.

## STAMPS.

1,300 Stamps in Album.—Excellent condition; 30s.—Simson, 18, Elmwood Avenue, Belfast.

## TRADE.

Genuine Sheffield Special Hollow-ground Razors.—Black handles, 2s. 9d.; white, 3s.; post free; satisfaction guaranteed.—Harry Hinchliffe, Stanley Road, Sheffield.

Charles Stewart's first offer.—Strong Leather Case, fitted with two military hairbrushes, 6s. 6d., post paid. Sportsman Cigarette Case enclosed free. The Sportsman Cigarette Case embossed with a bloodhound head at corner; 2s., post paid.—Box 824, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Handsome Gent's Double Simulation Gold Albert.—1s. post free; with free gift of handsome seal to wear with same.—Wellworth & Co., Norwood Road, Herne Hill, S.E.

Watches.—Ladies' or Gents'; silver; perfect timekeepers; 7s. each; ditto in gold, 13s. 6d. each.—Box 886, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Safety Razor, with extra blades.—Satisfaction guaranteed; 2s. 6d.—Box 887, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Fountain Pen.—Very fine; solid gold nib; only 2s.—Box 888, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

## "DIGS."

Wanted.—Comfortable Bed-sitting-room, North London.—Apply Box 893, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Westcliffe.—Comfortable Bed-sitting-room, with full board, wanted at once; terms must be moderate.—Write Box 894, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Wanted.—Comfortable Apartments for two friends, S.W. District. Terms must be moderate.—Box 895, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

## CYCLES.

See O'Brien's Advertisement, page 21.

Gent's Cycle.—24in. frame; free wheel; tyres in good condition; 25s.; a bargain; too cheap for approval. Box 872, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Gentleman's 26in. Rudge; plated rims; 2 brakes; free wheel; good condition; £2 15s.—Box 873, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

For Sale.—Gentleman's Cycle, Ariel; 24½in. frame; in good condition; Palmer tyres; cost 8 gns.; price 60s., or near offer.—Box 874, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

For Sale.—Gentleman's Singer machine; 2-speed gear; cost £10; only been ridden three times; acetylene lamp and all accessories; sacrifice £7, or nearest offer.—Box 875, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

## MUSIC.

Wanted.—Good second-hand Concert Flute; must be cylinder bore, covered holes, and reasonable.—Box 876, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Cornet.—Perfected Conn-queror; perfectly new; silver-plated; handsomely engraved; bell gold-plated; valve tips pearl; patent bell mute, &c.; morocco; velvet and silk-lined case; plays in high or low pitch; B flat and A; has instantaneous change to A; £10; worth £20.—Box 877, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

Visiting Cards.—Stylish high-class Gent's Cards; equal to best copperplate; in cases of 50, 1s. 6d. post free; satisfaction guaranteed.—Alsager Printing Works, Alsager, Cheshire.

For Sale.—A London and Provincial House Purchase Certificate; paid in £15; will accept £12 or near offer.—Box 856, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

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List of 1,500 Bargains Post Free.

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**19/6**—Gent's £4 4s. fashionable dark-brown Tweed Suit, splendid quality; tailor-made; latest West-end cut and finish; never worn; breast 38in., waist 35in., leg 31½in. Great sacrifice, 19s. 6d. Approval willingly.

**10/6**—Field, Race, or Marine Glass; powerful £5 5s. military binocular, as used in the Army and Navy; 50-mile range; shows bullet mark 1,000 yards; 10 achromatic lenses, wide field, saddler-made sling case. Sacrifice 10s. 6d. Approval.

**10/6**—Organ-Tone Melodeon; magnificent 63s. instrument; professional Adolphus registered model; 12-fold bellows (metal bound); 40 set reeds, 4 acting stops, 2 bass chords; rich, powerful tone; in perfect order. Sacrifice 10s. 6d. Approval.

DAVIS & CO. (Dept. 4), 284, Brixton Rd, London.

Wanted.—Copy No. 2 MODERN MAN; clean and good condition.—State price to Box 857, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

For Sale—Silver Pennies of Henry III.; in good condition.—Box 843, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Small Coin of Constantine, found at Okehampton 30 years ago, perfect, one similar in Plymouth Museum. Offers.—Box 844, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Naval and Military Medals wanted; private collection.—Box 845, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Wanted.—Leather Suit Case or Bag, not less than 24in.; must be cheap.—Box 846, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Wanted.—An Iron Safe, second-hand, height 2ft. Particulars to be sent to Box 847, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Wanted.—Copy April (1896) issue of "The Idler"; state price.—Box 891, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

For Sale.—Mahogany Pedestal Desk and Revolving Chair, with cushion; all in good condition; cost 13gs., will accept 6gs.—Box 890, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Armstrong.—One of the strongest, fastest, lightest-touch machines on market; standard keyboard; new condition; guarantee of perfect order given; what offers.—Box 889, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Certain Cure for Tender and Sweaty Feet, P.O. 7d.—S. Thompson, 2, Jennens Row, Birmingham.

"Grit, combined with a few shillings outlay," will make you independent for life. Our book contains 400 real trade secrets and the "Know How"; post paid, 1s. 2d.—G. M. Wilkes Company, Stockton, Rugby.

Certain Cure for Falling Hair and Dandruff; recipe P.O. 1s.—Box 685, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Handsome Gent's Simulation Gold Watch.—Keyless; guaranteed perfect timekeeper; 3s. 6d. post free.—Wellworth, Norwood Road, Herne Hill, S.E.

The Perfection Fountain Pen, fitted with massive gold nib, 5s. post free; money returned in full if not satisfied.—Wellworth, Norwood Road, Herne Hill.

Wanted.—Tuck's used post cards; 1909 post mark.—Box 892, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London,

## CATARRH, ASTHMATIC, AND CONSUMPTIVE TENDENCIES

(See Advertisement, page 17).

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